

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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LITTLE SWIMMER ACROSS NIAGARA

See
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Two

FOUR MEN CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD LONELY WATCHERS ON WRANGEL ISLAND

Arctic Flying Station for the
British Empire?

DRAMATIC SITUATION

Romance never dies. We are just as adventurous today as men were when Ulysses or Magellan or Drake waved good-bye as they sailed in little ships for unknown shores.

Were it not so there would not be four white men and some Eskimos waiting on a lonely island in the Polar Ocean, the only people there, till someone comes to tell them what has been happening in the world during the last two years.

This party has voluntarily marooned itself, as a bold experiment, in the wintry North.

They went to see what it is like, and to help to prove whether an idea is right; and they have been promised that they shall be fetched back when the idea has been tested. It is worth while to know about the idea and the island, and the men themselves.

The Friendly Arctic

The idea is one that has grown in the mind of that fine Canadian explorer, Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson. He knows the Polar lands and seas as well as Rasmussen and Amundsen know them, and he thinks no one need perish of hunger or cold in what he calls "the friendly Arctic." Also he thinks there is no place so good for flying as the top of the world, and that fifty years hence men will be flying that way across to Japan, not for fun but for business.

So, as he wants the British Empire to have an air station there ready for business, two years ago he sent four of his mates to occupy an Arctic island, to fly the British flag, to show the island is British by discovery and occupation, and to prove how habitable and useful Polar lands may be.

Hemmed in with Ice

The island he fixed on is Wrangel Island, a hundred miles north of the easterly Siberian coast. Usually in August and September the Polar ice has melted so that ships can reach the island through Bering Strait, but it does not always have open water round it, even in August. In September, 1921, Stefansson slipped through in a ship with his four picked men and the accompanying Eskimos aboard, and left them on the island. They were to be visited in a year so that any who wished to come away might come.

But in the summer of 1922 the island remained hemmed in with ice, and the relief ship, which started late, did not reach the waiting party; so they have had to wait another year. And now the thoughts of all who are interested in the White North are concentrated on the

Catching Shrimps



This charming shrimper at Pourville, in France, is about to start off on an expedition, and is well-equipped with net and basket for a big catch. Shrimping is a very favourite occupation of visitors at this popular seaside resort

men who for two years have been shut up in its solemn silence.

They are three Americans under a Canadian captain, members of a British expedition organised in Canada by Dr. Stefansson. Alan Crawford is the Canadian captain, and the other three are Lorne Knight, an experienced Arctic voyager; Fred Maurier, who was seven months in the island with a former expedition organised by Stefansson; and Milton Galle.

These are the men who are waiting to be visited from the outside world. They sailed from Nome, in Alaska, and nobody believed them when they said they were going in the Silver Wave to Wrangel Island.

In Alaska, the gold-seeker's land, everyone thought they were sailing to fetch some secretly-discovered gold. It was incredible to the gold searchers that men should be going to such a lonely place as Wrangel Island to test an idea.

And now the absorbing interest is: What has happened to these men during the last two silent years? Are they alive? Has the belief that they can

feed themselves on Wrangel Island proved true?

It is a rugged, treeless land, 85 miles long, 35 miles wide, and rising to a height of 2000 feet. In summer all the snow disappears, and there is pasturage for reindeer, though none is there. Polar bears, walrus, hair seals, and silver foxes visit the island in abundance. The men have guns and plenty of ammunition. How have they lived? Is life there easily possible through the dark winter? There is plenty of driftwood for fuel. Will the rescue ship bring them back?

It is an enthralling situation; but Dr. Stefansson is confident his men will have come through safely if only the relief ship can reach them this year through an open Arctic sea. The ship has had to sail in secret by an unknown route, owing to a Russian threat to stop it—to which we refer on another page.

We may hear what the end has been any day now—perhaps before these words are read—and may know whether these four lonely men will have to spend a third year in that Polar solitude.

BUCKETS OF GOLD FROM THE SEA

THE WONDERFUL DIVERS
OF THE LAURENTICHelp for the Taxpayer from the
Ocean Bed

£5,000,000

We shall always read the story of Monte Cristo, but fact has eclipsed it.

Down in the shattered holds of the lost Larentic our divers have long been busy, and at last they have recovered nearly five million pounds, a treasure much greater than any imagined in fiction. And what a tremendous romance surrounds this actual fact!

We were near starvation at the beginning of 1917, and sent forth the White Star liner Laarentic with five million pounds in bars of gold and silver to pay America for the food and other supplies the Allies needed for the war.

Lost for Six Years

A German submarine, as stealthy and terrible as anything conceived by Jules Verne, torpedoed her 15 miles from the Donegal coast. Down she went with her treasure, and there, for over six years, she has lain, 120 feet deep. But in the last three years we have got back nearly all the treasure out of this ill-fated ship.

Year by year a dozen Admiralty divers have descended the waters in which she lies. Explosives have broken up her fastnesses and liberated her bullion. In two years hundreds of thousands of pounds rewarded the search, but this year the harvest has been immense.

Descending quickly in their panoply of protection, weighted about the feet and about the head, equipped with telephones communicating with the crews above, and with electric light to guide their way amid deep-sea terrors, the divers have worked in comfort and safety under a pressure of 50 pounds to every square inch of their bodies.

Descent is easy, but the ascent, made in three stages, has to occupy half an hour, lest air bubbles in the blood should bring on the dread malady diver's palsy.

Hardest-Taxed Man in the World

Before the season closes the last bar of gold will be up, and five million pounds will stand to the nation's credit at the Bank of England. It is a marvellous feat of science this bringing up of buckets of gold and silver from the ocean bed as unceremoniously as railway tunnellers bring up clay.

The British taxpayer is the hardest-taxed man in the world today. He is the only taxpayer in any nation who has tried to pay for the war as it went along and is facing the bill boldly. It is not a little gratifying, therefore, that he should be rewarded with this piece of good fortune from the bottom of the sea, and he will be truly grateful to the Navy's diving men.

A SQUIRREL SWIMS NIAGARA GREAT FEAT OF A LITTLE GENTLEMAN IN RED

A Wondrous Thing that
Happened at the Famous Falls

TALE OF ANIMAL MARINERS

By Our Natural Historian

We shall have to bring Emerson up to date and add a line or two to his poem on the quarrel between the mountain and the squirrel. In that dispute the squirrel, having been called a little prig by the mountain, tells the mountain that, although he is big and makes a pretty squirrel track, yet

If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.

And now, to make the story match the march of history, we must introduce the fact that, while the mountain cannot swim the Niagara rapids, the squirrel can. The feat forms the subject of a special despatch from New York—and one wonders if ever a squirrel was so distinguished before!

Worse than the Falls

The little fellow, red and handsome like our English beauties, slipped off a log into the water, a few hundred yards above the brink of the cataract, and was swept out into the current toward the channel that means destruction.

Officials at the Falls watched the furry mite swimming hard and valiantly to avert a terrible doom, and greatly were they delighted when they saw him, after a long swim, reach a rock in the stream in safety.

It was near enough for them to thrust out a long ladder, in the hope that the squirrel would make his way along it. But no, the swirling waters were not so terrible to the squirrel as this fearful-looking device.

He plunged, affrighted into the stream again, struggled hard against the current, was carried almost over the Falls, but just managed to gain a footing on the mainland, and won, at last, where so many human swimmers have failed.

A Traveller's Tale

The incident recalls a charming story of squirrel travels in the works of Jean Francois Regnard, who was something of a French Cervantes. He never gave the world a Don Quixote, but he furnished France with dramatic works second only to those of Molière; and, like the great Spaniard, he was caught at sea by corsairs—snapped up off the coast of Nice, and sold for long into bondage in quite the Cervantes manner.

Regnard was a born traveller as well as a literary genius, and his wanderings carried him to Lapland, among other places; and there, he says, he witnessed a spectacle which is brought to mind by this Niagara-swimming squirrel of the West. Having to cross lakes and rivers, with which Lapland abounds, the squirrels carry down fragments of bark to the waterside, seat themselves on them, and go afloat, raising their tails to act as sails.

The Squirrels of Lapland

The sight of a fleet of squirrels scurrying across a Lapland lake with their tails bending before the breeze must indeed have been thrilling. If instinct could prompt such an expedient, then instinct would warn the little mariners to set sail only when the wind was favourable.

But, says Regnard, many little shipwrecks happened: a too boisterous puff of wind, a curl on the water which was a swamping wave to the crafts of bark, upset many a hopeful argosy. On the whole we think the bold swimmer of Niagara was as safe as these audacious navigators of Lapland waters. E. A. B.

MEXICO

Some Hopeful Signs WORKING OF A NEW SPIRIT

One of the hopeful signs of the times is the progress that is being made in Mexico under the vigorous and intelligent government of President Obregon.

The long-disturbed relations between that country and the United States have now been placed on a satisfactory footing, and ordinary diplomatic intercourse is being resumed.

The new spirit of Mexico is perhaps best seen in the advances that are planned in education. Modern methods are being introduced into all the schools, the moving spirit being the Minister of Education, Vasconcelos.

The new programme begins with the infants. The primary school programme covers six years. The teaching is non-religious and free of charge. The subjects are to be Spanish, arithmetic, geometry, geography, history, natural history, hygiene, drawing, and singing, with a certain amount of handwork and sports.

Saviour of the Country

Special attention is to be given to agriculture and the care of animals. Girls will be taught domestic economy and household duties. Bee culture, silk culture, and gardening are to be introduced as subjects in suitable schools; and in the town schools the education is to be linked with the local industries.

Handicraft schools are to be opened and school gardens established, the aim being to popularise education by connecting it with productive industries. The school year is to occupy ten months, with five school days each week.

That Mexico should be promoting such a national scheme of education close on the heels of rebellion, disorder, and bloodshed is a remarkable proof of the competence of Obregon, the saviour of the country from anarchy.

A TON TO AN INCH

The Highest Steam Pressure

Great Britain, always to the front with steam engines, is shortly to produce a boiler with the most enormous pressure ever used.

The steam, which is generated for working a turbine, will be made at a pressure of over a ton to the square inch, actually 3200 pounds. The turbine will work with steam at only 1500 pounds pressure, but the higher pressure in the boiler is being used because under such conditions it can be obtained without bubbling or boiling of the water.

Owing to the great steam pressure the pipe conveying the steam to the turbine will be of only one and a quarter inches internal diameter, yet it will drive the turbine at from 20,000 to 25,000 revolutions per minute, and create 1500 horse-power.

The greatest steam pressure so far used has been of 1500 pounds to the square inch in a Swedish boiler.

SWIMMING ACROSS

LAKE ERIE

Grit and Endurance

A wonderful tale of grit and endurance is the story of how a man has just swum across Lake Erie for the first time. He is Carbis Walker, of Cincinnati.

He swam the 33 miles from Point Pele, in Ontario, to Lorain, in Ohio, in 21 hours and 15 minutes, and in the course of the journey his weight dropped from 176 pounds to 156.

Lumps of sugar thrown from boats were his only nourishment, as the broth and milk foods spoiled shortly after the start. Every two hours he would turn over on his back and float for five minutes, and it was while doing this that the swimmer took his food.

SUPPER ON THE GANGES CANAL

Exchange is No Robbery THE BIRD THAT WENT FISHING

A C.N. reader in India sends this capital story of a supper by the Ganges Canal.

While living in the United Provinces of India we spent a week-end at one of the dāk-bungalows, or travellers' rest-houses, on the Ganges Canal.

We had brought two pigeons for our supper on the first night, expecting afterwards to provide for our wants by shooting game.

While we sat under the trees near the water, enjoying the cool of a lovely evening, our cook sat not far off on the steps of the little cookhouse, plucking the pigeons ready to roast. Two kites had built their nest on a tree near the bank, and while the hen bird sat on the nest her mate was fishing for her.

As the cook finished plucking the first pigeon, laid it beside him, and took up the other bird, there came suddenly a great rush of wings, and the kite, swooping, rose again with the plucked pigeon in his claws.

In vain the cook yelled and threw stones; the kite had carried off half our supper for his mate.

We were contemplating a very meagre meal while the kites made a beginning of their supper with our pigeon. But for them it was only a beginning, for the bird quickly resumed his fishing. Several times he fell like a plummet into the water, and then he rose triumphant with a fish gleaming in his strong claws.

As he flew with the fish to his nest the cook made such a commotion, in which we joined, that the bird became flurried and dropped, right at our feet, a very fine fish.

So that night, contrary to all expectation, we dined more sumptuously at the kite's expense than he had done at ours.

SUNSET ON THE RIVER

What a Nature-Lover Saw

Is not this lovely little cameo of English life sent to The Times by Mr. George Knight, of Overton in Hampshire, worth sending on and on to let the world know what unguessed delight our Little Treasure Island still reveals to those who have eyes to see?

The River Test, not far from its source, looked very beautiful an evening or two ago, when the sunset was so remarkable.

On the roof of the old mill was a young cuckoo being fed by a wagtail. A kingfisher a few yards away was making fiftful darts from a bank after minnows.

At the mill-tail was a deep pool, in which were some scores of trout lying in parallel lines, suggestive of submarines so sharp and clear was their formation against the gravel bed, all facing the incoming trickle from the main hatch. The mill had just been shut down, so that the waters were no longer troubled.

Looking down the stream one could see moorhens and one or two wild ducks, appearing and disappearing among the sedges, while a water rat was seen cleaving the surface of the water in nervous haste on some ferrying enterprise.

KU KLUX KLAN

The Ridiculous Movement and the Ridiculous Film

There have been violent scenes in America in connection with the ridiculous Ku Klux Klan, an organisation which sets itself above the law.

It is interesting to note that at the same time the French Government is prohibiting the film called The Birth of a Nation, which represents the Ku Klux Klan as a patriotic movement. No such nation as this film shows was ever born, and its misrepresentation of history is as glaring as its dangerous approval of the rebellious Ku Klux Klan.

The film is not allowed to be exhibited anywhere in France.

TIDDLER'S JOURNEY UNDER LONDON

A JOLLY SURPRISE FOR SMALL SPORTSMEN

The Hunter with the Jam-pot in
St. James's Park

QUEER WAYS OF THE GREAT CITY

The lively little tiddler is the constant joy of a multitude of small London sportsmen. Wherever there is a sheet of water in the mighty city, a crowd of eager sportsmen congregate along its margin, with landing nets and water in discarded jam-pots.

But of late the fishing grounds of the small boy have been lamentably restricted. It was the war that did it. The great pond in St. James's Park was drained so that on its bed might be built a mass of the official shanties which, through long, dreary years, made London hideous.

At last these abominations disappeared, and the restored waters brought many lovers of that most picturesque of all the London parks to admire its beauties afresh. The waters also brought again the youthful sportsmen with their landing nets and jam-pots containing the usual unwholesome looking water to store the hauls of expected tiddlers.

New Pond in the Ancient City

In the interval when St. James's Park pond was not, the Serpentine, in Hyde Park, away beyond the streaming motor-cars of Piccadilly, had been almost congested, in holiday times, with little men lading its waters with their nets.

Now, however, sport had come nearer to the crowded streets which abound still in stately Westminster, and soon the born fishermen of that ancient city realised their luck, and were on the banks of the new pond, with its new array of water lilies.

Kindly old gentlemen who once again take their rest in St. James's Park, and watch the delightful vagaries of boyish character, smiled indulgently and a little sadly to think of the disappointments in store for the tiddler fishers. How could the "finny tribe" be present in these fresh waters on this brand new cement floor?

Then, as they watched, they had a surprise. Sure enough the little men were having good "catches." The jam-pots were being tenanted apace. What could the explanation be? How had the tiddler tribe replenished these fresh waters? Had a thoughtful Board of Works, or whatever department it is that manages the Royal parks, restored St. James's even down to its shoals of little tiddlers?

The Way the Tiddlers Came

No. The explanation is simpler than that, and curious to the verge of quaintness. The waters of the park are fed, in part at least, from the expansive Serpentine, by a much easier way than the passage of car-crowded Piccadilly. They are piped past aristocratic Rotten Row, and down history-laden Constitution Hill to the wooded glades of St. James's, and the slope is such that inexperienced tiddlers could not help, even if they had the will, being swept along the underworld of London, that we all know so little about, till they emerged into the light of day to people a pond prettier even than the Serpentine.

What a curious glimpse it gives of the unexpected highways and byways of London!

Pronunciations in This Paper

Caribbean	Kar-ib-e-an
Cervantes	Ser-van-teez
Cincinnati	Sin-sin-nah-te
San Diego	Sahn De-a-go
Ulysses	U-lis-eez
Yucatan	Yoo-kah-tan

PEROSI'S DREAM SETTING THE PSALMS TO MUSIC

The Heroic Things that Men
of Genius Do

LIVES GIVEN TO NOBLE TASKS

It is possible that by the time these lines appear in print people in England who know Perosi's music, as in *The Resurrection of Lazarus* and *The Passion of Christ*, may have the composer for a fellow citizen. For Dom Lorenzo Perosi, the famous composer, has announced his intention of finally leaving Rome and making his home in London.

By calling he is a priest, by training he is a philosopher, but to the world at large he is first and foremost a creator of music. The world has many priests, many philosophers, but few men who can cheer a wearied age with noble melody. Will Perosi, with his new leisure and his new environment, prove a master?

A Tremendous Undertaking

He has set himself a formidable task, for he has planned to compose a musical setting for the whole of the Psalms. This sounds a tremendous undertaking. The Psalms number 150, and they vary in length from half a dozen verses to the 176 verses of the 119th Psalm.

If Perosi treats them as they are treated in the ordinary psalter, the work will be simple and direct, and of no great difficulty, but if he deals with them in oratorical fashion his labour will be endless, owing to repetitions and to the work of scoring for many voices as well as for a multitude of orchestral instruments.

Probably, however, the work will not be more exacting than that which many of the old masters enthusiastically undertook. Who could compute in time the labours of Bach and Mendelssohn and Beethoven? Who could dream that Mozart's astounding output of loveliness and grandeur was all achieved by a man who was in his grave before his 36th year closed?

Courage, clear vision, and continuity of purpose always seem attributes of the composer. Wagner planned his *Ring* to be sung and acted during three successive days and a preliminary evening—three full operas and a prelude, all to comprise one continuous theme.

The Determination of Genius

But vision and purpose are not the gift of the composer alone. Think of the architect who plans a cathedral which will consume his life and that of men for more than a century to follow. Think of a poor, friendless parson setting himself to the terrible difficulties of translating the whole of Dante into English; of our crippled poet Pope doing the same with Homer.

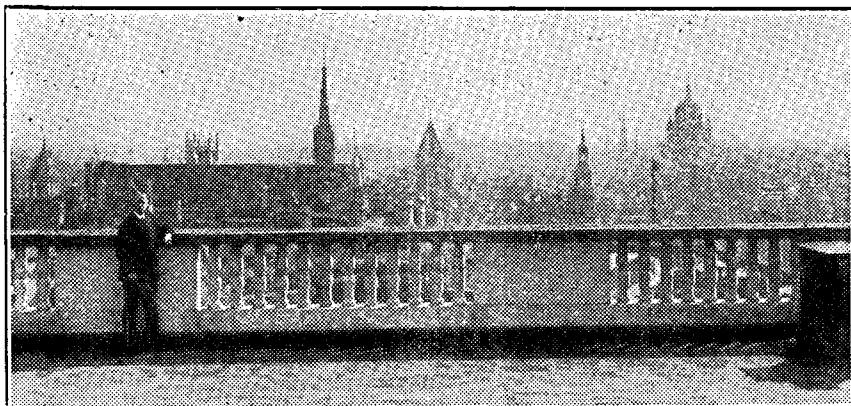
Who does not marvel as he pictures Michael Angelo toiling, week in and week out for four long years, on those marvellous frescoes in the Sistine Chapel? Yet that was only a fragment of his work; he gave eight years merely to quarrying marble for his labours, and he once proposed to carve a whole mountain into a monument.

A Livingstone, exploring a continent, has this courage of vision; a Milton, blind, telling the story of the fall of man and his regaining of Paradise, all in matchless nobility and loveliness of language, is a monarch of determination and self-consecration.

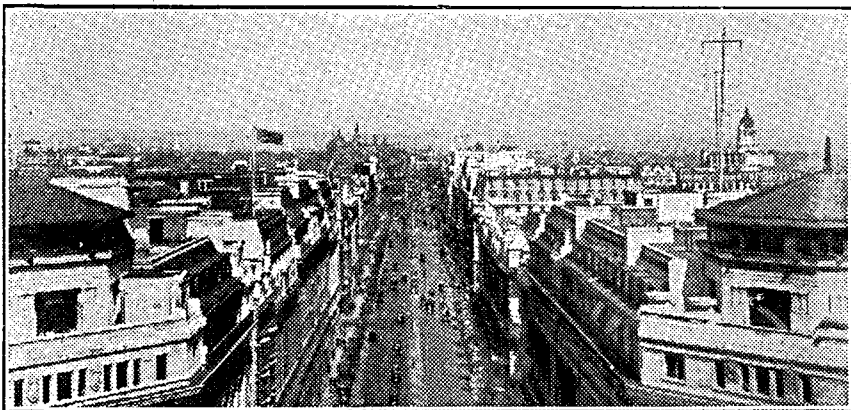
A £1200 ENVELOPE

Six thousand-dollar notes were recently received at the United States Income Tax Office in an unregistered envelope bearing only a two-cent stamp. Each note is worth nearly £200.

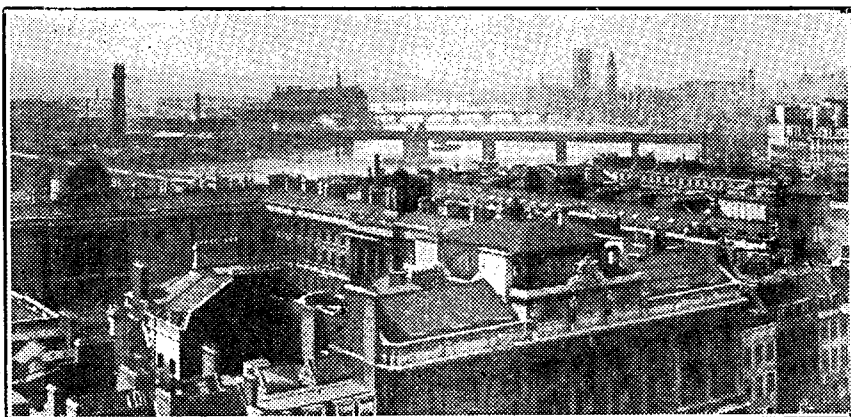
A GREAT NEW ROOF FOR LONDON



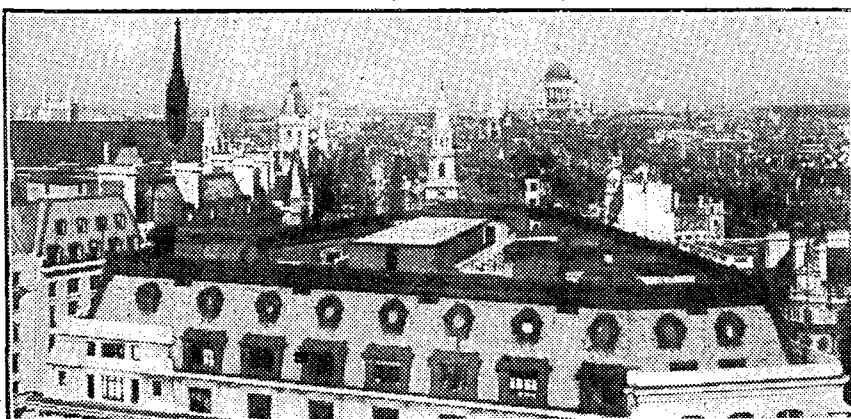
The Founder of Bush House Looks Round



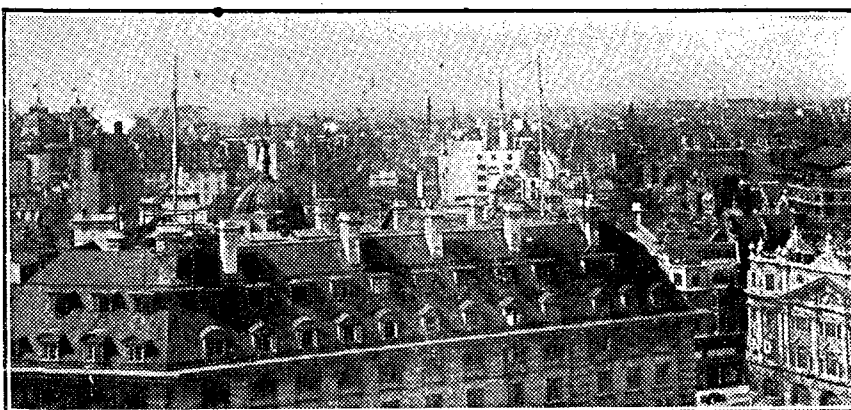
Looking North—The View up Kingsway



Looking South—The Thames and Westminster



Looking East—A Rare View of the Tops of the City



Looking West—The Wireless Tops of Marconi House, and Nelson's Column

Bush House, the wonderful building in the Strand, is rapidly nearing completion; and our photographer has been on the roof, from which he has taken these pictures. One of the most remarkable buildings in London, Bush House is a striking tribute to its American founder, Mr. Irving T. Bush, and to its architects. It is to be a great centre of international trade.

LIFE FROM AN OLD JAR

SEEDS WHICH GREW
AFTER 100 YEARS

Probably a Record for Long
Life in the Plant Kingdom

A SEED THE ROMANS LEFT

By a Scientific Correspondent

When a party of French scientific men visited the museum of the Royal Botanic Society in Regent's Park not long ago they were shown a plant whose seeds will live again though kept out of the ground a hundred years.

They were the seeds of the nelumbium fruit, which perhaps holds the record for long life. The nelumbium is a water plant, and has a thick-coated seed.

In the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, some of these seeds were put in a jar in 1780, when George the Third was losing America for us. They were taken out a hundred years later, and a plant and the fruit grown from them.

There has always been some doubt as to how long seeds can be kept and then grow again; and there are stories of so-called mummy wheat—the wheat left in Egyptian tombs—which is said to have grown again. But these stories are laughed at by botanists.

Seeds with Thick Skins

One of them, M. Paul Becquerel, told the Paris Academy some years ago of his experiments with 550 species of seeds that had been preserved in the Science Academy's museum. The seeds had been kept there for periods between 25 and 125 years. A good many seeds which had the reputation of being able to "keep good" for centuries refused to grow when planted, and 23 out of the 550 lived. But three species over 45 years old grew; they were all seeds with thick skins.

Another French botanist, M. Fliche, found in the Forest of Hane some quantities of cypress spurge, or wolf's-milk, in blossom. It is a plant unknown in France, though it grows in Italy. It soon disappeared; it would not grow. The Romans used it as medicine. M. Fliche thought the cypress spurge must have been planted by the Romans, who had great ironworks there long ago.

The seeds of the plants may have lain hidden underneath the old iron-workings all these centuries. When the forest which has long covered up the iron-workings is cleared away, the cypress spurge gets a brief hold of life again, and then dies out.

Making a Fresh Start

This is in accordance with what we know of the after effects of forest fires such as have just been raging in the Riviera. Always after these conflagrations plants which have been choked out in the competition with their neighbours take the opportunity of their rivals' destruction to make a fresh start. The cypress spurge, though dormant all these centuries, or at any rate unperceived, seems to have taken such an opportunity. It is an extreme and curious case. But it is on an entirely different footing from the absurd stories about seeds having been dried for a thousand years and then, when planted, having begun to sprout.

BRAIN SAVES MUSCLE

Engineer's Clever Idea

Some American engineers recently hit on a clever plan when sinking several hundred huge concrete piles into the mud of a harbour to a depth of fifty feet.

They had a hollow tube put through the core of each pile from its point to the top, and, when it was in place, water was forced through the tube at a pressure sufficient to displace the mud and allow the heavy pile to sink into position.

WHAT FRANCE WANTS REPLY TO THE BRITISH NOTE

Who is to Pay the French Debt to Britain?

£2600,000,000 FOR GERMANY TO PAY

By Our Political Correspondent

The French Government's reply to the Note sent to it by the British Government, while it takes us little nearer settlement, has had one good effect. It enables everyone to see what France regards as justly due to her, first from Germany and next from her Allies.

Instead of £6600,000,000, which was the previous French estimate of the German debt, France admits that the claim may be reduced to £2600,000,000. This brings the amount down to the neighbourhood of the sum of £2314,000,000, which the British Government has suggested as the possible amount, and is a tremendous step forward compared with the absurd original estimate of about 15,000 million pounds at the time when the Versailles Conference was held.

France's Debt to Us

Of the £2600,000,000 regarded as acceptable, France demands that the first half shall be paid to her, leaving the other half (if it comes) to be divided between the rest of the Allies. This would leave £550,000,000 for the British share of the reparations.

But Great Britain owes America £710,000,000, which she borrowed on behalf of the Allies and is paying back; and France owes Britain £600,000,000. The suggestion of France is that France should not pay these debts, or any interest on them, until she has received her half-share of the German debt; and that she should then pay only as much of the debts as can be recovered from Germany beyond the £2600,000,000.

So that what France really wants from Germany is £2600,000,000 for reparations, half for herself and as much more as will pay her debts to Britain and America. If Germany does not pay this extra amount France does not promise to pay her debt to us. She transfers the debt to us from herself to Germany, and makes it to our advantage to press Germany for as much as possible beyond the £2600,000,000.

As the paying by Germany of anything beyond the £2600,000,000 is very doubtful, the repayment of the French debts to Britain and the United States remains equally doubtful.

Trustee for the World

These are the essential figures of the French reply. It contains arguments on a number of questions, but the kernel of the case is in these figures, so far as receiving payments for damages and repaying the war debts are concerned. These are the figures France puts down for discussion in a friendly way. The practical effect of them is that Britain will be left to get from Germany, if she can, the money which France owes her.

On these points France will consult with Britain, but not on such questions as the occupation of the Ruhr and its effect on German and English trade. On all such points her mind is made up, and she will go on doing what she thinks best, without conceding anything to the views of the British Government.

That is all very plain and frank, and the next step lies with Britain, which must consider itself, in all these things, as trustee, not only for British interests, but for the peace and happiness of Europe and the world. We must all be not only good Frenchmen and good Britons, but good Europeans.

PARASITES OF THE WIRELESS WORLD

Getting Rid of the Stray Waves

A FRENCHMAN'S IDEA

One of the worst troubles met with in wireless, especially in certain climates, is the discharge of electricity in the air which causes in the telephone the disturbing noises that go by the name of atmospherics, or wireless parasites.

Remarkable photographs have been taken of these parasites, which show that they can be divided into quite distinct sorts.

All kinds of devices have been invented to clear them out, as it were; but the fact remains that in certain parts of the world wireless has to be stopped at times, the wireless waves being vanquished by the natural discharges of electricity from the atmosphere.

A new receiving apparatus has now been invented by a well-known French wireless engineer, Monsieur Marrec, which largely does away with these troublesome parasites, and it has created widespread interest in wireless circles.

Monsieur Marrec's apparatus acts as a kind of filter which removes the stray signals due to atmospheric electricity by making use of the fact that the stray disturbances are not of any regular note or tune. Continuous wave telegraphy is done by using signals of a definite note, and the apparatus is so devised that any signals not of such a note are filtered out. The true signals are then amplified in the usual way, and it is claimed that wireless messages can be sent at from four to six times the ordinary rate without interference.

HOW THEY TOOK THE BRIDGE

Two Barges with a Queer Cargo

It can be seldom that a bridge has had such a strange adventure as one that was recently loaded on two barges and sent to sea.

It was built originally for a train-ferry service between Southampton and the Continent during the war; but when the war came to an end it was bought for use with the new train-ferry which is to run from Harwich and Zeebrugge. How to carry the whole structure over the 300 miles between Southampton and Harwich was the big problem to be solved.

It was solved in this way. The bridge itself, weighing 250 tons, was placed on the deck of one barge, with part of the structure hanging over the sides, and was secured by heavy wire cables; the towers, machinery, and counter-weights, together weighing 130 tons, were fixed on another barge, which was fastened abreast of the first.

To make things more secure the two barges were grappled together with heavy baulks of timber and steel ropes, so that they would make a compact mass to travel by sea. Even so, towing could only be done by day.

The experts were at first inclined to look with suspicion on this novel idea of floating a whole bridge, but later they came to the conclusion that the most daring method was the soundest.

A BIG PIECE

A Girder Goes by Train

American railwaymen are noted for their courage and ingenuity, but a recent load over one of the big lines certainly required a great deal of both.

It was the largest single piece ever taken by rail, and consisted of a steel girder 165 feet long, weighing 36 tons. Nine platform cars were used, with only the end cars supporting the weight, so that the intervening cars rolled idle. The supports were swivelled so that curves could be negotiated, and in this way the huge girder reached its destination in safety.

WRANGEL ISLAND

WHOSE IS IT?

Queer Attitude of the Russian Government

A CASE FOR INTERNATIONAL LAW

Elsewhere we tell the story of the four men who have voluntarily marooned themselves on Wrangel Island, in the Arctic Ocean. The history of the island itself adds to the curiosity of that story, and is necessary to the understanding of all that is happening there.

When the news reached Russia that Dr. Stefansson was fitting out a ship to reach the island this summer, the extraordinary Government of that country notified the ship's captain, Harold Noice, that he must ask their permission to enter the Arctic Ocean and approach the island. That permission, he was informed, would not be granted unless he called on the way at East Cape, in Siberia, embarked a contingent of Red Guards, and took them to Wrangel Island—where, of course, they would confiscate the property of the British party who are there!

Of the Race of Drake

Captain Noice belongs to the race of Francis Drake, and he did nothing of the kind. It was no business of his to take to the island the only Russians who have ever been there, and to take them on the assumption that the island is Russian. Whether it is British or Russian depends on a well-known rule of discovery and occupation of unclaimed lands where nobody lives, a rule acknowledged by all nations. Here are the facts about the visits of navigators of various nations.

The island was first discovered in 1849 by Captain Kellett of the British Navy, and was called Kellett Land after him. But he did not land on it. Eighteen years later it was seen by an American captain, who called it Wrangel Island after a famous Swedish navigator who had sailed the Northern seas in the service of Russia, but who never saw the island.

The Rule About New Lands

The rule is that if unoccupied land is seen and claimed, but is not really occupied, the claim to it ceases in five years. In 1881 an American expedition landed there, but did not occupy it, and America's claim lapsed in 1886, after five years. In 1914 seventeen British voyagers landed there, and lived on the island seven months. Among them was Fred Maurier, one of the men now there. This made the island British for five years. During these years a Russian ship landed men, but as the island was then British the Russian claim was excluded. In 1921 the present expedition landed and revived the British claim for the third time.

By right of occupation, according to the rule, the claims are, therefore: first British, second American, third Russian. It is for international law to say which is the sounder claim.

GOOD NEWS

Births Fewer but Children Healthier

The latest life figures show that though fewer children are being born than during the three years before the present year, the difference is more than made up by the greater healthiness of the children born.

In the second quarter of the present year 3719 fewer children were born than during the second quarter of last year; but 6275 fewer children died. The death rate was lower than it has ever been in the second quarter of any year since the figures were recorded.

NON-STOP

WORLD GOES FASTER AND FASTER

Amazing Speed Trials on Land and in Space

CARS, PLANES, AND TRAINS

The world lives much too fast, no doubt, with its motor-cars and flying machines and express trains. As if they were not enough, we have non-stop runs beginning on all these ways of travel. News comes of non-stop trial runs with cars and planes and trains.

A non-stop achievement likely to lead to great developments in long-distance flying was accomplished at San Diego in California, where a fresh supply of petrol was taken on board an aeroplane travelling at ninety miles an hour.

The supply aeroplane, which was manned by two lieutenants in the United States Army service, rose to a position directly above the other plane. The men in the upper plane let down a 48-foot steel-cased hose, which was caught by the lower plane, and 50 gallons of petrol were transferred in two minutes.

The aeroplane was flying a non-stop journey of four days and nights.

Recovering the Hose in Space

Preliminary tests were made in passing petrol in the air before the actual flight began, and some difficulty was experienced at first by the second machine in recovering the hose after it had been let down and used.

Later tests showed that all difficulties had been overcome, and then the great flight was made, fresh petrol being supplied as required while the aeroplanes were travelling at ninety miles an hour.

It was a striking feat, yet we must remember that a speed of ninety miles an hour is only relative. When both machines are travelling at this speed they are as if stationary in relation to one another, and with skilled pilots keeping the machines on an even course the transferring of petrol from one to the other is not exceedingly difficult.

The Non-Stop Car

About the time this feat was being performed at San Diego, a five-seater touring car completed a record endurance run of 3155 miles in 50 hours 21 minutes on the Indianapolis speedway. The average speed was 62.63 miles an hour, and the car went enormous distances without a halt, stopping only three times to renew its tyres. All the supplies of petrol and water were taken on board from a special supply car which ran alongside the racer at fifty miles an hour, and transferred supplies while travelling.

Only the necessity for renewing tyres now stands in the way of non-stop motor runs across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Non-stop trains are also being talked about, and the idea has already been put into practice for shifting large quantities of coal and grain. Paris is now thinking of adopting a very interesting non-stop passenger system. Cars would be made to travel automatically along a railway track, slowing down automatically at stations and then resuming at top speed. There would be no conductors, and neither brakes nor signals would be needed.

A Screw Railway

The railway would work like a big screw, with the car as a nut. The screw would turn always at the same speed, but its threads would be coarser between the stations and finer as the stations were reached, so that the car would automatically slow down at fixed points.

To show what can be done with non-stop trains, a stretch of line has already been laid down at Southend, where it has been found that 24 cars travelling at only 16 miles an hour can deal with ten thousand passengers an hour.

PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING NATURAL & OTHER EVENTS ALL OVER EUROPE



POWER AND SPEECH OVER ONE WIRE New Way of Telephoning

A new way of telephoning, which is being much used in the United States and is likely to become very general, owes much of its success to wireless, from which it has borrowed some ideas.

The speaking and listening instruments are of the type used in wireless, but the telephone currents are actually carried by long-distance power cables.

It is quite possible for a single wire to carry two kinds of current, such as direct and alternating, and to sort out, as it were, the different kinds at the end of the line. This property is made use of in the new telephony. A high-frequency current of very low power is generated and, being sent through the cables, acts as a carrier of the telephone currents and does not in any way interfere with the transmission of the power, though certain arrangements have to be made to protect the telephones from being affected by disturbances when big power is switched on or off along the line.

SUGAR FROM DAHLIAS A Great Discovery

Experts in California have discovered that the tubers of dahlias contain sugar, and thousands of acres are to be used in cultivating them for this purpose.

Tests have shown that dahlia sugar is one and a half times as sweet as cane or beet sugar. The flower-tuber is more easily grown than the sugar beet, and, by a new formula that has just been completed by the University of Southern California, the cost of production is much about the same.

The discovery of the new sugar puts an end to a problem which has been troubling the medical world for some time—the problem of finding a sugar that can be taken by people suffering from diabetes, for dahlia sugar is quite harmless in such cases.

WHEN THE BEES SWARM The Origin of "Clanging"

Several correspondents have written respecting the custom in the country of making clanging noises when bees are swarming, and they raise many questions in connection with it.

Why was it started? The law of England allows anyone to claim his swarm of bees, wherever it settles, if he keeps it in sight.

Some suggest that the clanging noise was begun, in early times, as a proof that the bees were being followed and kept in sight, and so would be evidence against anyone who sought to appropriate the bees when they had settled.

The popular belief is that the noise tends to cause the bees to settle more quickly; but whether it has that effect is open to doubt. It may make them the more uneasy. It exists as a custom without a reasoned defence.

HE WHO RUNS MAY READ The Wear and Tear of the Roads

A hundred years ago a man walking along a London highway would have seen many marks of horses' hoofs, and perhaps would have picked up here and there a horseshoe. Such things are fast becoming rarities, and an observant foot passenger may see the signs of the times in the road as he runs.

Embedded in the streets of London are hundreds of tiny steel and brass objects of different sizes and shapes. They are motor parts that have been shaken loose, and it has been noted that they are most numerous in that great street of traffic and shops, Oxford Street, and particularly at bus stops and taxi stands—which shows that the greatest wear and tear of a motor-car occurs when it is being started.

SEVENTY MILLION TREES What a Government Grant Has Done

A year or two ago a Government grant was made to woodland owners of £3 for every acre planted with trees or cleared for planting, and many large tree nurseries have been busy as a result, growing baby trees for planting. Nearly seventy million young trees have been actually planted since the grant was promised, including Japanese larch, Sitka spruce, and Corsican pines.

These trees will in due course repair the ravages made by the war on our timber.

SHORTER DAY

More Rest for Steel-Workers

One of the blackest spots in American industrial life is the working hours in the steel industry, where the twelve-hour day is still prevalent.

There has now been secured, however, the definite promise of the American Steel Institute that they will abolish the twelve-hour day as soon as the labour supply will permit, so that it will not be long before the steel-workers join the rest of America's workmen in the eight-hour day.

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS Where Instinct Fails

We have often given instances of the sureness of animal instinct in preserving the life of young creatures, but a Hampshire reader calls attention to some failures on the part of instinct.

Twice he has known tom-tits to build their nests in narrow pipes from which the young birds could not possibly escape, and in each case they perished because they could not reach the exit.

He wonders whether failures to provide for the young birds' withdrawal from the nest are numerous.

THE FARMER'S BOYS What They Are Seeing in Canada

Clifford White, one of the four boys who won a scholarship for a seven months' tour through Canada, and is now at an agricultural college in Alberta, writes to the Editor of some of his experiences.

We four lucky boys who won scholarships are having a wonderful time in this vast Dominion. At present we are at agricultural colleges in Alberta, and the other day we met at a huge exhibition at Calgary.

It was most exciting, and reminded me of the books I had read about wild Western life.

Each afternoon, before the grand stand was an entertainment, with cow-boys riding buck-jumping horses and wild steers, and there was a competition in milking wild cows, very good prizes being given to those who did it the best and the quickest.

The sports and competitions took place in an enclosure inside the race-course, and, as racing went on round the course at the same time as the trick-riding exhibitions were being given in the enclosure, there was plenty to look at and nobody had a dull moment.

Numbers of Indians had pitched their tents right on the show ground, some of them being real Indian tee-pees. Every morning the Indians paraded the town on horseback in all their finery. Indeed, the whole life of the West was collected in one place; and we saw it all at once—a very impressive spectacle of what Western Canada can produce.

THE DISSOLVING FLOWERPOT

A new type of flowerpot in America is so constructed that when placed in damp ground it crumbles and dissolves, and transplanting can thus be effected with a minimum of risk to young plants.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 8 1923

Impatience

ONE of the greatest causes of unrest in the world is impatience, sometimes right but often wrong. Too often it is the mark of a small mind.

The mind with a knowledge of the history of man, or with any conception of the evolution of the Earth, is rarely impatient.

But a small mind can be exceedingly active, and most of the miseries of the world have been brought about by small minds impatient of the slowness of human evolution. They want tomorrow today.

Fearful things befall the human race, darkening the whole future of mankind, simply because a few hot-headed reformers cannot wait for time to work on the hearts and minds of men. It was against this dangerous spirit that Macaulay warned us. He reminded us that there was a time when "the most powerful of human intellects were deluded by the gibberish of the astrologer and the alchemist," and a time when "the most enlightened statesman thought it his duty to persecute heretics." Time advances. Facts accumulate.

Always it is necessary to have patience. Wonderful as is the human mind, it moves slowly. The racing mind is apt to run away with false ideas and dangerous theories; the slow mind is often the surest. Perhaps our greatest security against anarchy, and against blind destruction from wrong ideas, is the tenacity with which we cling to old ideas, ideas which work and have been found good through the ages.

The way progress comes is plain enough to see. It is the work of genius. The greatest minds in the world catch glimpses of new truths; they ponder what they see, steady their souls to see more, and at last, slowly, almost unwillingly, they declare their thoughts to mankind. Then, as somebody has said, "the light which at first illumined only the lofty peaks descends on the plain, and penetrates to the deepest valley. The sound opinion held for a while by one bold man becomes the opinion of a small minority, then of a strong minority, then of a majority."

So progress goes on, till a school-boy knows more than Francis Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton.

We are all moving forward, very slowly, but in one clear direction. The surgeon, the physician, the chemist, the engineer, and the physicist know more than their predecessors knew. Knowledge is increasing. About that there is no doubt.

In the same way, if we exercise patience, if we seek truth earnestly, the day will come when we shall have knowledge in politics at last, and the world will be a better place for all.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



How Not to Advertise

A CORRESPONDENT raises the interesting question whether a business firm has any right to stamp its name on the back of a Treasury note. We have seen it done, but it seems unpardonable that anybody should advertise on the nation's currency.

But When Thou Doest Alms

THIS is said of a man who has died after playing a great part in the Cadet Corps movement:

At his own cost he raised and maintained a company of boys in East London.

He was not only company commander, but the best friend those boys ever had. The extent of the help he gave them is known to none.

He placed them in offices, he started them in trades, he provided capital for their businesses, and, most valuable of all, he taught them to be good citizens.

And not many of us ever heard of him. The names of the very best of our citizens rarely get into the papers. That makes us think.

She Who Had No Home

NOBLENES is often a misused word.

What it really stands for is shown in something that has just happened in the slums of Birmingham.

Two families, with four adults and fifteen children, were turned into the street because their homes had been declared unfit to live in. The authorities had provided nothing else for them, and for three days and nearly three nights they lived in a small and dirty yard, with no roof save the sky.

Even in this extremity one of them, a mother of five, did a noble thing for someone whose suffering was greater than hers.

In the miserable bedroom of an adjoining house a neighbour lay dying, and she and her children were hungry.

The woman with no home to live in went on a long tramp through the city, and at a charitable institution she got food for her friend.

"It helps me," she said, "to forget my own troubles."

It would help us all to learn as well as she has done one of the big lessons of life.

In Charge

ONE of our judges has asked whether a man who rides with a short stirrup exercises as much control over his horse as a man who rides with a long stirrup. Control, it would seem, is, to some extent at least, a matter of seat.

The thought, therefore, suggests that the soul can exercise control of the body only if it has a good seat—that is to say, if it is well poised for restraint.

A man who cannot govern his temper, or control the number of his cigarettes, or stand firm in the hour of temptation, is riding with a short stirrup. His body is in charge of him; not he of his body.

After Five Years

HERE are some of the saddest and maddest figures in the world.

Compared with July, 1914, the British Army has been reduced by 282,000 men; today our Army, with reserves, numbers just under 300,000.

Czecho-Slovakia has 100,000 more than we have; Belgium has twice as many as we have; Jugo-Slavia has three times as many; Rumania five times as many; Japan six times as many; Poland nine times as many.

And it will soon be five years since the fighting stopped.

Tip-Cat

MR. ASQUITH thinks the last Parliament was the worst we have had. It always is.

THERE are said to be too many newspapers. That is perhaps why they are described as the Press.

A HUNDRED houses in Glasgow are to be let at increased rents. Unless the public decides to let them alone.

ITALY proposes to tax foreign words if used on public monuments. How rude of them to put out the foreign tongue!

YOU can never get away from your age. Especially when you are tied for time.

SOME queer minds in Bethnal Green talk of letting the pavement to advertisers.

Pity to make people look down on advertising.

FARMERS are never happy unless they can grumble. And then they are not.

MOTOR-CYCLISTS are urged not to crouch over their handle-bars. But they are on pleasure bent.

LORD BIRKENHEAD has been telling America that the world would never survive the reign of idealism. Those who have tried it know better.

NEVER allow yourself to be put out with people. It is more dignified to walk out by yourself.

The Apple-Tree

A fable by Aesop from which men, and nations too, may learn.

A FARMER had in his orchard an apple tree yielding very fine fruit, and every year he used to give his landlord some of the apples.

This did not satisfy the landlord, and he decided to take the tree. So he had it dug up and transplanted into his own orchard.

The change, however, caused the tree to wither so that it bore no more fruit, and in a very short time it died.

We may lose all by being greedy.

Seaweed and Sand

By Harold Begbie

HE set himself at dawn of day To build a castle tall and strong;

He peopled it with gallants gay And happy maidens full of song; But ocean swept it far away Before he heard the breakfast gong.

YET nobly stood that royal keep, And taller far and stronger still, When ocean felt the Moon's white sweep

And heaven felt the stars' sweet thrill, And he, the builder, lay asleep, His sandals on the window-sill.

IN dreams he made that castle rise Like some Gibraltar of the sea, And there it stood and touched the skies,

As if for ever it would be; And yet it fell with open eyes When nurse came in with mother's tea.

On the Bus

By a Passenger

A COUNTRY girl who wanted to go to town possessed a one-pound note, three shillings, and three halfpence.

Three shillings was her exact fare, and when she arrived in town she had to take a twopenny bus ride. At her local station she tendered the note. It was refused, and she was made to feel that to ask for seventeen shillings change so early in the morning was a scandalous proceeding.

She gave up the three shillings, and, arriving at the terminus, sought to change the note. After an abrupt refusal at the bookstall and the booking office she got on a bus and, opening her purse wide to the gaze of the conductor, said, "I have a pound and three halfpence, and I want a twopenny ticket—what shall I do?"

"Haven't you twopence?" said the conductor, rather scornfully.

"No," said the passenger, rather smilingly, "but I have a pound."

"Then you will have to give your name and address," was the ominous reply. She wrote it down for him, and, refusing her offer of three halfpence to go on with, he remarked, rather sternly, "They will write for the twopence, miss." She refrained from retorting that to get twopence it seemed hardly worth while to spend three halfpence, and wondered what became of all the coins conductors must collect. Later she had her answer when she told the story to a friend.

"You were luckier than I," he said. "I had a ten-shilling note last night, and I was given five shillings of my change in coppers!"

A Prayer for the Fight

Great Guide, I ask you still, Wherefore I?

But if it be Thy will

That I try,

Trace my pathway among men, Show me how to strike, and when, Take me to the fight—and then, Oh, be nigh! A. CONAN DOYLE

September 8, 1923

The Children's Newspaper

7

YORKSHIRE'S
PROUD PLACEBEST CRICKETERS OF
THE YEARA Good Season and What Has
Happened in It

HOW THE COUNTIES STAND

By Our Athletic Correspondent

The cricket season of 1923 has been one of fully sustained interest, in spite of the fact that the general superiority of Yorkshire put the championship outside the range of speculation.

The second place, too, was never in doubt after play was in full swing. Notts clearly could not catch Yorkshire, and were most unlikely to be caught by any of the four or five counties competing for the third place. The fight for that third place was close and constant, and brought five clubs into the running.

Never has there been a season when the counties were more sharply divided into two grades, eight at each end of the scale, with Somerset as a go-between.

Only One Defeat

The feature of the Yorkshire play was the strength of the attack, both in bowling and in fielding, including the placing of the field; and this was followed up by a consistent steadiness in batting and a belief that victory was always possible. Almost always it was attained. The one defeat (apart from the absurd first-innings reckoning) was only by three runs, and in that game Notts had all the best of the wicket.

Yorkshire ended by winning more county matches than any county team has ever won in a season. In Rhodes, Roy Kilner, Macaulay, Robinson, E. R. Wilson, and Waddington she had an array of bowlers who subdued most of her opponents more or less before they went in to bat.

Race Between Three Counties

Notts did well, but not so well as at one time seemed possible. Her bowlers were decidedly beyond the county average, and in Payton and Whysall she had safe and attractive bats, while George Gunn was safe enough to break the hearts of most bowlers. Mr. Carr proved a breezy, fearless captain; and Oates, the wicket-keeper, was a great success.

Kent, Lancashire, and Surrey ran a neck-and-neck race after the season was well advanced. Hobbs retained his style, if not his full effectiveness, and Surrey had a reserve of sound batsmen; but the attack was not strong enough, though Mr. Fender proved himself a born captain and a fine all-round player. Kent had excellent help from Woolley and J. L. Bryan, but she lost often enough to make her play seem patchy. Lancashire had sterling help from Makepeace and the Tyldesley family, but Parkin's bowling did not quite answer expectation.

The Hero of the Year

Sussex had a most interesting season, and proved an attractive team to watch. The hero of the year emerged in Tate, a vigorous bat and a dangerous and most energetic bowler. His record of wickets taken tops the national score. He strikes the onlooker as a thoroughly hearty player who deserves all the success he gets. Bowley did well, and Mr. Gilligan, by his play and his captaincy alike, was one of the marked men of the year.

Hampshire had a sporting team from whom one never knew what to expect;

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Over 30 golf balls have been found in a squirrel's nest at a golf club in America. Insurance figures show that in the United States 46 men and three women are insured for over a million dollars.

Death from a Pen-Nib

A Bermondsey widow has died through blood-poisoning caused by pricking her hand with a pen-nib.

Five Million Miles

Since the inauguration of the American air mail service, in May 1918, American mail pilots have travelled over five million miles.

A Nurse with Florence Nightingale

A nurse under Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War has just reached her 101st birthday in the workhouse at Whiston, Lancashire.

Young Swimmers

Recently we have mentioned two children who, round the age of nine, won the Life-saving Swimmer's Certificate. We hear that Thomas Scott, of Atherton, near Manchester, won it ten years ago, when he was seven.

An American factory turns out five million artificial fishing flies every year.

Baron Kato, the Prime Minister of Japan, who played a great part in the war, has died.

1000 Acres of Dorset

The land at Lulworth taken from the people by the War Office covers nearly a thousand acres of the Dorset cliffs.

The Masses of Bengal

The latest census shows that out of 47 million people in Bengal, the most progressive province in India, only four millions can read or write.

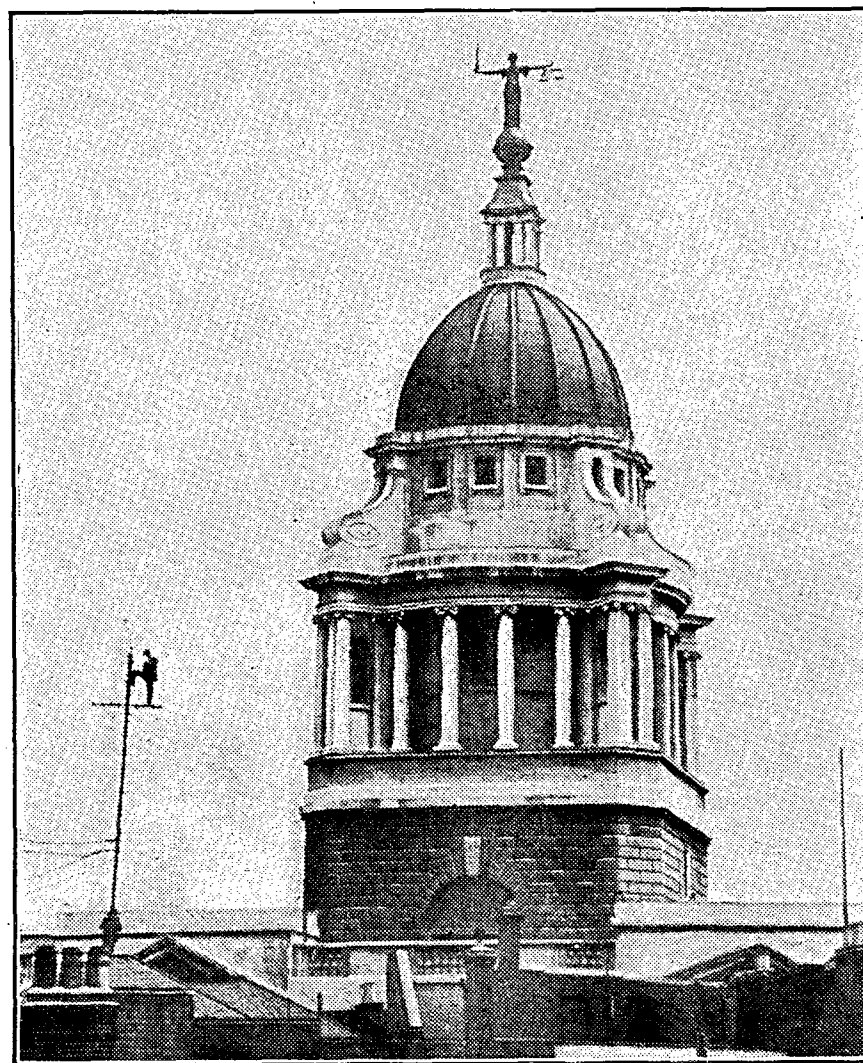
Sheffield's Achievement

Stainless electro-plate, which is said to retain its polish even in a London fog, has for the first time been manufactured at Sheffield on a commercial basis.

Great Women

New York University has created a precedent by allowing the busts of seven great American women to be placed in the main chamber of that institution's Hall of Fame.

WHAT THE EDITOR SAW FROM HIS WINDOW



Looking up from his desk the other morning, the Editor saw this figure standing as if in space beside the fine dome of the Old Bailey; and, having sent for the photographer, the Editor turned to his work again with thankfulness that his work lies at the tip of a pen and not at the top of a pole

Continued from the previous column

they played some fine games, seemed at times to be coming well to the front, and then fell away. Though they found a fast bowler in Mr. Shirley, they need more variety in attack, though nobody can throw a stone at that pair of consistent triers Kennedy and Newman, two of the hardest-worked cricketers in the country. Mead was again a tower of resistance in the batting line, whose back as he returned to the pavilion gladdened the hearts of his opponents.

Somerset had fine assistance from Messrs. McBryan and M. D. Lyon, and in Mr. J. C. White has the most consistent amateur bowler in England. The county has some creditable successes, and plays with a breezy air. Middlesex was distinctly disappointing, notwithstanding her batting strength. Mr. Mann will not retrieve the county fortunes till he can command a much stronger attack. Among the personal successes in the

counties on the lower half of the list must be mentioned the captaincy of Mr. G. R. Jackson for Derbyshire, and the help he had from Mr. W. Hill-Wood; the persistent energy of Colonel Douglas in the cause of Essex, backed by the bowling of Mr. G. M. Loudon and the batting of O'Connor, a very hopeful addition to the eleven; the all-round form of Astill for Leicestershire, and the veteran King, with the bowling of Geary; the batting of M. K. Foster for Worcestershire, and the bowling of Root.

The visit of the West Indian team was somewhat of a surprise. They proved themselves the equals of the lower counties on the English list, and in Mr. Challoner they have a bat to take rank with our best.

The season's play, on the whole, has shown that cricket fully retains its hold on the English race, and has a vitality in play which promises well for the sterner competitions that are in store.

LIGHTNING MADE
TO ORDER

TWO MILLION VOLTS

How Far Can Electric Power
be Carried?

PITTSBURG EXPERIMENTS

Lightning which will split a block of wood has been made in the experimental laboratories of the General Electric Company of Pittsburg, where these experiments are part of their work in testing lightning conductors, and in finding out how much electric power can safely be carried over long distances by cable without undue losses.

Real lightning, like that which forks in jagged streaks out of the sky in a thunderstorm, the electricians will never supply unless they can find out how to use those forces hidden in the atoms which keep the very substance of the world together. But men can produce a creditable imitation on a small scale.

What Lightning Is

As the C.N. showed the other day, when real lightning crashes several million horse-power are released in a millionth of a second, and the pressure at which they are released is perhaps as much as 50 million volts. If one remembers the voltages of 200 or 250 of electric light lines, or of 500 or more of electric railways and tramways, the tremendous pressure of electricity in lightning will be realised.

The artificial lightning at Pittsburg is far from reaching that stupendous pressure; but it has been got up as high as 2,000,000 volts, a pressure at which it shatters wooden posts, and it is being tried on the roofs and structures of a small model village set up to study the best means of protection against real lightning flashes.

Sending Electricity to Work

The other reason for experimenting with these high pressures of electricity is that the best way may be found of preventing high-pressure electricity from leaking away from the conductors which carry it long distances. The higher the pressure is the more effectively can electric power be carried and made to do its work. Thus at present the highest voltage at which electric power is carried is 220,000 volts. This is carried 300 miles away, and in a year the work done would be equal to that of a million tons of coal.

But if electricity at a million volts could be safely carried, it would reach as far as 1000 miles away, and in a year could do the work of twenty-five million tons of coal.

At present a short experimental line does actually carry a voltage of a million, though only seven years ago the highest voltage ever produced was only 200,000. So we are getting on.

TWENTY MILLION DEAD
OR BROKEN

The Terrible Figures

It is generally admitted that the full toll of mankind in the Great War through death was ten millions.

The International Labour Bureau has lately issued the facts about the disabled who are receiving pensions in 16 countries. The total of this human wreckage is made up in this way:

Britain . . . 1,170,000	Jugo-Slavia . . . 164,000
Germany . . . 1,537,000	America . . . 157,000
France . . . 1,500,000	Belgium . . . 110,000
Italy . . . 800,000	Rumania . . . 100,000
Russia . . . 775,000	Canada . . . 45,000
Poland . . . 320,000	New Zealand . . . 20,000
Czecho-Slovakia . . . 236,000	Australia . . . 16,000
Austria . . . 164,000	Finland . . . 10,000

But eight countries that were in the war have not been included, and their losses would bring the disabled up to ten millions—the dead and maimed being, broadly speaking, equal in numbers. Twenty millions lost or suffering!

ELECTRIC FARMING

CAN WE QUICKEN UP THE CROPS?

Interesting Experiments in Electrifying the Fields
PROMISING RESULTS

By a Scientific Correspondent

We have noted already in the C.N. how American scientists have succeeded in growing corn by the rays of the electric light. In Britain the Ministry of Agriculture set up a committee to study how plant growth can be helped by electricity.

Some people have dreamed of a time when, with the aid of electrical rays, crops will be raised in quick succession, so that one acre will yield in a year what three or four acres now produce. It cannot be said that such a happy result is at present even in sight, but what has been done promises very striking results.

So far the committee has worked by the method of overhead discharges of electricity. This has actually been done in the fields with crops of barley, wheat, oats, clover, and peas.

The Electrified Field

Insulated steel cables are set up about seven feet high on each side of the field of experiment. Between these cables are stretched fine galvanised steel wires, about five to ten feet apart. These wires are electrified by means of a small engine and electrical generator.

The crops were subjected to electrical discharges for periods of about 500 to 900 hours. Generally the work was done from April to August, and the crops were treated with electricity for six or eight hours each day.

As a result it is claimed that the effect of electricity in increasing the yield of spring-sown crops has been demonstrated, though the effect on winter-sown wheat is still uncertain.

The experiments have been continued for several years, and careful comparison has been made between electrified fields and adjoining fields similarly sown but not electrified.

Artificial Sunlight

It will be seen that the committee's experiments were somewhat different from the experiments the C.N. recorded last November, which made use of electric light to supplement sunlight.

In Germany, also, interesting work has been done in using artificial light to help plant growth. Last year at Dahlen big lamps were lit for about six hours a day, beginning at dusk, on certain plots of land, and the consequent growth of plants in them compared with that of unlit plants.

Lettuces illuminated in mid-November had, after about twelve days, two and a half times as many fresh leaves as those not illuminated. After eighteen days the lettuces were as big as those grown in daylight in four to five weeks. This meant doubling the crop.

The question of cost was gone into, and it was found that, after allowing for the expense of the artificial light, there was a good surplus profit.

Making the Earth More Fruitful

Equally good effects were obtained from beans and vetches. Strawberries under the electric light yielded, as early as the middle of March, very good and sweet fruit, while similar plants not illuminated were four weeks later. An experiment was also tried with lilac, which was found to give very beautiful flowers under the treatment, with brighter colour and more intense perfume.

All this is helpful, and possibly means that man is discovering another way of increasing the fruitfulness of the earth. Men who make such researches are the real creators of wealth, and we are again reminded how enormous is the field of discovery which yet remains for enterprising people to explore.

ENGLISH AS IT IS SUNG

Why Not Make Words Clear?

A NOTE ABOUT CONCERTS

By a Music Critic

We have just passed through the usual crop of Speech Days at the schools, and Oxford has had a great competition for reciters of verse. Now come the annual singing concerts, of which one, the Eisteddfod, the great Welsh festival of song and elocution, has for the first time drawn a competing choir from the United States, a very striking thing.

So we are all thinking about the charm and wonder of the human voice, whether devoted to melody or the enunciation of the spoken word. It is timely, then, to ask why it is that so many of our public singers are completely unintelligible as soon as they have to utter words set to music.

In the theatre, in the concert hall, in the drawing-room, we hear accomplished vocalists who pronounce the words of their songs in such a manner that the pieces might have been written in some dead language of which the key has been lost.

A Mystery of Singing

There is a mystery here. An untrained comedian whose voice is painful to a musical ear realises a fortune because he makes every syllable of his songs understood; an accomplished vocalist derives a generous income from pieces of which the audience cannot catch fifty per cent. of the words.

The fault must lie with the professors of music, to whom the voice and the melody are everything, the words nothing at all.

Two friends listened the other evening to a song sung by a lady whose voice was sweet and admirably trained. At the end of her performance the friends compared notes. Both had admired the voice, but neither had been able to distinguish one word of the song!

Such a performance is an offence to an audience; but we are used to it, spoiled, hardened; and it is for this reason that English people, whose language is lovely and easy to sing, tolerate the idea of music sung to them by English artistes in a foreign language.

German and Italian are not more mystifying on the lips of an average vocalist than the English they frequently mumble and mute.

FROM THE JUNGLE TO THE MUSEUM

A 24,000-Mile Journey

Some idea of the enormous amount of work needed to make a big natural history collection is gathered from the experiences of the Vernay-Faunthorpe expedition which has just returned from India. In little more than six months after leaving England they travelled 24,000 miles, nearly equal to a journey round the world.

Their collection numbers about 450 specimens, including elephant, rhino, bison, bear, tiger, pig, leopard, and many kinds of deer. The expedition ransacked almost the whole of India from Upper Burma to Mysore, travelling on foot and by horse, camel, elephant, or bullock cart. All the specimens are to be presented to the American Museum of Natural History.

One of the birds the expedition was especially anxious to catch was the pink-headed duck, for which they hunted carefully without success. The nearest clue to its whereabouts came from a planter who told them he had actually shot and eaten two a few years ago.

C.N. COUNTRY POSTBOX

Our Country Postbox is full of interesting things, and we give a few of them here.

A WREN'S PERSISTENCE

A Birmingham reader sends this instance of a willow wren's persistence in using her nest.

My mother found a willow wren's nest in our orchard, and, thinking it was an old one fallen from one of the trees, threw it aside.

Next day I picked it up, but dropped it, thinking it an old nest.

Two days later I saw a willow wren in the orchard, and, looking again in what we thought was an old nest, found two eggs inside.

JACKIE

An Edinburgh reader gives this instance of a bird's attachment.

On visiting a friend who lives in the suburbs, she said to me several times: "You must see Jackie before you go."

I felt curious to know who Jackie could be.

Going to the front door, she called "Jackie!" and, to my astonishment, a blackbird came hopping to her. Then she told me this story.

A lady near by found him lying on the green with both legs broken, took him into the house, put his legs in splints, cared for him till the legs were healed, and then gave him his freedom.

Since then Jackie has never left them, but is a frequent caller at several of the houses in the neighbourhood.

A LARK'S INSTINCT FOR SAFETY

A Scottish reader gives this interesting observation.

Crossing a field, I was interested in the soaring larks, and a farmer told me this experience.

A sparrow-hawk appeared with silent wing and darted at a singing lark. There was no cover, and the farmer stopped his horse, which was working with a harrow, that he might see what the end would be.

The moment the horse stopped, the lark, with a wonderful instinct, made a dive and sheltered between the horse's legs till all danger was past.

UNITY AMONG BIRDS

A Leeds reader sends this illustration of unity among birds when their young have to be defended.

I found a sparrow in my room too young to fly properly, though it was venturesome. My father put it in the garden, and there it began to chirp.

Presently a number of other birds gathered round it, and one or two came with food and went for more.

Then a cat came along. When I chased it away all the other birds flew after it and drove it right out of the garden. Then they came back and helped the little bird away, and I suppose it is stronger now.

AN EXPERIMENT THAT WAS SPOILED

A Kent boy writes this nice letter.

An owl fell out of a nest, so I took it home, put it in a rabbit hutch, and, when I could not catch mice for it, fed it with raw meat.

As it seemed a pity to keep it shut up, I let it go. To my surprise it was back next morning in the hutch. After that it came and went just as it pleased.

One day someone who did not realise how harmless the bird was threw a piece of wood at it and hit it. It came home and died in my arms.

I am very sorry, for I wanted to see if it would continue to return to the hutch when it was grown up.

MILLIONS OF FLIES

Trouble on a Quay

Goole has been held up by a plague of millions of flies, attributed to the landing on the quay of a cargo of bones from Holland. The quay is described as being as full of flies as a beehive is of bees.

The local authorities seem to have acted promptly in mastering the danger, but prevention of the arrival of such a troublesome form of cargo would be better still.

CHIEF SCOUT'S COLUMN

THE DUTY OF EVERY SCOUT

Why We Should All Learn to Swim as Soon as Possible

SOME BOY HEROES

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

Now's the time, while there's warmth in the air and in the water, to learn how to swim.

I've known boys and girls pick it up the first time they tried. Others take longer—I did myself. In my heart of hearts, I think I really funk the water a bit; but one day, getting out of my depth, I found myself swimming quite easily. I had made too much of an effort and a stiff struggle of it before; but I found the best way was to take it slowly and calmly, and occasionally to get down under water and swim with my eyes open. I got to like the water, and swimming on the surface became quite easy.

Some young people who are a little shy of the water are inclined to say: "What's the good of swimming? My work doesn't take me in that direction."

Bathing and Swimming

Well, there is jolly good fun in bathing; but there's ever so much more if the bathing includes a swim. How foolish you feel when you have to paddle about in the shallow water while others are having all the fun of a real sea bathe!

But there's something more than fun in it. The other day a six-year-old boy was fishing in a canal at Derby and fell into the water. Two Boy Scouts were passing at the time, and, fully dressed, they dived in and brought the child to the bank, little the worse for his wetting.

These boys did not look upon themselves as heroes. They were working boys; one of them is employed at the Midland Station at Derby as a seller of refreshments. Suppose he had said to himself: "Swimming has nothing to do with selling buns and tea; it won't help me with my business." Well, he might quite easily have felt like that, and if he had that little boy might quite easily have been drowned.

The other Scout was just a schoolboy. But they had evidently both made up their minds that to be good Scouts and citizens they must be able to swim.

Be Prepared

It may happen to you—any of you, at any time—that you see someone in danger of drowning. If you are a swimmer you go in, get hold of him the right way, and bring him ashore; and you have saved a fellow-creature's life as those boys at Derby did. But if you can't swim you have a horrible time. You know you ought to do something better than to call for help while your fellow-creature is fighting and struggling for his life and gradually becoming weaker before your eyes.

A Girl Guide was walking along a canal bank the other day when she saw a figure struggling in the water and a man standing on the bank. She asked him if he were not going to the rescue; and he said yes, he had sent home for his bathing suit. Well, the girl lost no more time; she jumped in, and swam to the rescue and brought the body to shore. Unfortunately, she had come to the scene just too late to save the life.

To be a true Scout you must learn to swim when you get your first chance.

WONDERFUL SWIMMING POOL

An American town called Pierre, in South Dakota, has a wonderful swimming pool. The warm water flows from a natural gas well both in winter and summer, so that swimming in the pool is possible in any weather.

THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

MANILA

CAPITAL OF RESTLESS ISLANDS

Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands, the principal possession of the United States outside of the American continent, is constantly appearing in the newspapers because of the unrest felt by the Filipinos, the native people of the islands. The cause of this uneasiness should be understood, for it is likely to be seen in any country where modern government is given to races that are scarcely yet fit for it.

The Philippines, so named in compliment to the Spanish King Philip by Magellan, who discovered the islands while sailing in the service of Spain, remained in the possession of that country till 1898, except for a brief occupation by the British toward the end of the eighteenth century. But by the year 1890 the Filipinos were dissatisfied with Spanish government, and under a native leader, Aguinaldo, rebelled.

America Steps In

War went on for years till, in 1898, the United States, which was then at war with Spain, intervened. In a battle the Spanish fleet was destroyed in Manila Bay, and Manila was captured. The United States then took over the government of the country, and established a Philippine Parliament with a Senate and House of Representatives, but under an executive controlled by an American Governor-General.

The present dispute is about the power of the American Governor-General. He can veto, that is, he can forbid, any law being made by the Philippine Parliament which he thinks should not be made. The Filipinos think that the Governor-General, who at present is General Wood, should not object to any laws which only affect their local Philippine affairs. They are willing that America should control foreign affairs, and defend their country against other nations, but they think they should do as they like in making their home laws.

A Difficult Problem

A million of the 10,000,000 Filipinos are scarcely civilised tribes, and do not elect members of the Philippine Parliament; and the Americans feel that they ought to keep a check on what the Parliament does, so as to ensure fair play for all. They insist that the higher American civilisation should keep watch over native legislation.

The Filipinos point to the greater liberty of British over-sea States—Canada, Australia, and South Africa—which have complete home control. But they do not realise that they are not themselves yet in the same position as the white races of these lands.

The problem of free government by inexperienced races is wide-spread and difficult, and it is seen in the Philippine Islands in an acute form.

The Trade of Manila

Manila is the great, historic trading centre of the numerous and fertile Philippine Islands. It stands on a fine harbour greatly improved by the Americans. Its population of 285,000 includes about 260,000 Filipinos, with 18,000 Chinese, 3000 Americans, 2000 Spaniards, 1600 Japanese, and 700 English, besides other foreigners.

Its trade is chiefly with the United States, Japan, the British Empire, China, Spain, and the Dutch East Indies. Its peculiar product is the unexcelled Manila hemp, made from the leaf stalks of a plant of the banana family. The hemp is used for the cordage of ships and for special ropes. Other products are copra, coconut oil, sugar, and tobacco.

Manila is a centre for East Indian education, and has a university founded long ago and revived in modern times. The nearness of the Philippines to Japan, with its surplus population, is one of the facts which influences the attitude of the United States toward that progressive and powerful country.

LITTLE GENTLEMAN

IN BLACK

MYSTERY OF THE MOLE

Boy's Nest Which Surprised the Scientists

AN OLD LEGEND GOES

We are all familiar with the hillocks thrown up in fields and gardens by the mole, the little gentleman in black, as he is called.

We have all seen moles, we have read about them, and studied with interest and pleasure the details of the marvellous underground fortresses and galleries which these animals construct. Yet we know very little about moles themselves.

We know much about bees, because we can have them in conditions which enable us to see all they do. We can deal in the same way with a colony of ants. We can put fish and amphibians into an aquarium, a snake into a glass case, and a lion behind iron bars; but the mole, being entirely a miner and restricted to life beneath the surface of the soil, has defied us to learn exactly how it brings up its family.

The authorities of the American Museum of Natural History have at last worked out the life history of the mole, and feel as proud as if they had got a live okapi, for, says their director, they are the first in the world, as far as he knows, ever to display the life habits of the animal.

£5 Reward

A commonplace of the garden and the meadow as an object of rare interest seems absurd until we consider why such is the case. At any rate, the museum people, failing by ordinary efforts, offered £5 for a full nest of moles.

Weeks and months passed before anyone could claim the reward, for, though the mole-catchers can capture enough dead moles to make fur waistcoats for us, to get hold of a live mole is a difficult matter.

But everything comes to him who waits—and pays. First a boy named Charles Sullivan won, not the full prize, but a consolation one, for a nest of leaves containing two moles a year old. Next came a mother and four quite little ones, dug up by a ploughman in an Indiana cornfield, where the nest was found a foot beneath a sod of grass near a ditch, into which a neat little tunnel ran to conduct away from the cradle any water which might soak down from the surface of the earth.

That gained the full award. But a special prize was given to a searcher at Marietta, South Carolina, for a nest of three baby moles, without parents, exactly as they were dug out in their cradle of grass.

No Food for Five Days

Now, these little insectivores gave the scientific world a mighty surprise. We have all believed that the appetite of the mole is so voracious, and its need for food so insistent, that the creature dies within four or five hours unless it is kept continually supplied with food and drink.

Yet these South Carolina moles were unfed for five days, from the time of their discovery up to their arrival in New York, but were fit and flourishing, and full of activity.

So at a stroke an ancient legend goes; the mole can grin and bear privation like most of the life forms we know. These three little hopefuls from Marietta have completely upset all the literature of natural history which deals with the life story of moles.

FOREIGN STUDENTS OF ENGLISH

Among the foreign students of University College, London, who are studying English are Japanese, Javanese, Punjabis, Armenians, Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Poles, Czech-Slovakians, Bulgarians, Dutch, Russians, French, Swiss, Germans, Spaniards, and Brazilians.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is the Present Capital of Russia?

The Bolsheviks have made the ancient capital, Moscow, the capital of Soviet Russia.

How Far is Mars from the Earth?

At his nearest he is 35 million miles away; at his farthest he is 248 and a half million miles distant.

Why Does a Teapot Lid Have a Hole?

To allow the condensed steam to escape; otherwise the pressure of this might force the tea out of the spout.

What are the Yearly Losses by Fire in the United States?

The last figures available are those for 1921, when the loss by fire in U.S.A. was \$332,654,950, approximately £65,500,000.

How Do the Japanese Dwarf Trees?

This is largely a secret, although it is believed to be chiefly due to their keeping the growing tree in a very small pot to prevent undue development.

What Causes the Colour of a Butterfly's Wing?

The wing is covered with thousands of tiny scales of various colours, the colour being a deposit of pigment between two or more layers.

When were Shillings First Coined?

The first English shillings were struck in 1504, by Henry the Seventh, but a coin of this name is said to have been struck in Hamburg as early as 1407.

Why Does a Spoon Look Crooked When Placed in a Glass of Water?

Because the rays of light passing to our eye from the parts of the spoon in the water are refracted, or bent, in passing from the water to the air.

What is the Sneezewort?

This British wild plant is a member of the composite family, and a near relation of the yarrow, or milfoil. Its botanical name is *Achillea ptarmica*, and it grows on moist heaths and in damp meadows. It has no commercial uses.

In What Book Can I Find the Arms of the British Kings in Colour?

Messrs. Hatchards, of Piccadilly, issue a little book with coloured plates called *The National Arms of the United Kingdom*, by the Rev. James King, M.A. This will give what you want.

When were Turkeys First Brought to England?

About 1523. They are American birds, but they were at first supposed to have come from the Moslem East, which was loosely called Turkey, and the birds were given the name of the country of their supposed origin.

On What Do Crawfish Live?

Crawfish, or crayfish, are fresh-water crustaceans, something like lobsters in appearance. By day they lurk under stones and banks, and in the evening creep out in search of food, which consists of worms, water insects, small frogs and fish, and plants and roots of many kinds.

Which is the Loftiest Mountain in the Moon?

Mount Curtius, 29,100 feet high, or not quite so high as Mount Everest; but it must be remembered that on the Earth we measure from sea-level, whereas the Moon's mountains are measured from the surrounding plain.

What are the Colours of the Skins of the Various Races of Men?

There are the Caucasian peoples, who are white; the Mongolians, who are yellow; the Ethiopians, who are black; the American Indians, who are red; and the Malay races, which are brown. Of course, the shades vary in the different branches of the families.

What is the Average Weight of a Tench, and What is the Record?

Couch, in his *History of British Fishes*, says the average weight of the tench is about four and a half pounds; but one caught at Thornville Royal, in Yorkshire, weighed eleven pounds nine ounces and a quarter. It was a curious shape, having assumed the form of a hole in which it was confined.

What are Freckles?

Brown spots in the deeper layers of the skin, most common in fair and red-haired persons. They are due to a pigment, and are permanent in some people, while in others they appear only in summer after exposure to the sun. People subject to them should veil or shade their faces in strong sunshine. No attempt to remove them should be made except by the advice of a doctor.

THE GREEN PLANET

HOW TO FIND IT

Uranus and Its Four Little Moons Approaching the Earth

A WORLD OF EVERLASTING TWILIGHT

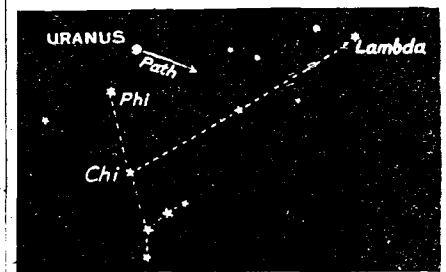
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

On Monday evening next the Sun will be eclipsed by the Moon; but, as it is visible only on the other side of the Northern Hemisphere, it will concern us very little.

The Moon's shadow strikes the Earth first at Kamchatka, then it crosses the Pacific and southern Mexico, and ends in the Caribbean Sea.

Of far more interest to us just now is the planet Uranus, which on Sunday, September 9, will be at his nearest, 1773 million miles away, or nearly 19 times farther off than the Sun. Six months ago he was 21 times as far, at his greatest distance.

Uranus now appears near a small star of fourth magnitude, Phi in Aquarius, which may give young observers a remote chance of finding this faint



Where to find Phi and Uranus

planet. To find Phi is no easy matter, but the Great Square of Pegasus is the best guide.

The four stars of medium, and almost equal, brightness composing the Square will be readily found in the south-east about 10 p.m., but preferably later, the Square covering a larger area of the sky than the familiar Plough.

Now, if an imaginary line be drawn from Beta in Pegasus at the upper right hand corner to Alpha in Pegasus at the lower right hand corner of the Square and continued straight on for nearly twice the distance between Beta and Alpha, it will pass a little to the right of some twelve small stars. One of the brightest of these is Phi.

Identifying Uranus

Our star map, which covers an area of the sky about the size of the Northern Crown, described last week, shows where Phi is, and Uranus also, in relation to the rest. As they are rather far south they will be better observed about eleven o'clock, when they will be higher up from the horizon.

Uranus is only just visible to the naked eye on a very dark and clear night, but Phi is much brighter. Glasses will be a very great help in identifying Uranus, which will be found to have a decidedly greenish tint. Close observation week by week will show that Uranus is gradually moving toward the right, until, by the end of September, the planet will be due west of Phi instead of above it, as at present.

The Path of the Planet

A good plan is to make a sketch of the positions of each member of this group of faint stars, and then, in the course of a month, note which has moved relative to the others. This one will be Uranus.

There is a great charm in "spotting" this weird, far-off world of greenish hue that revolves in everlasting twilight, but whose nights are blessed by four moons, Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon. The first two are about a quarter the width of our Moon, and the others nearly half the width of the Moon, so altogether they are not equal to ours in size.

G. F. M.

THE HEIR OF A HUNDRED KINGS

The Strange Adventures
of a Schoolboy in Africa

: : Told by
Herbert Strang

CHAPTER 53

El Nimmur Hears a Story

ABOUT half an hour later a strange colloquy was in progress on that hill-path in the moonlight.

Mr. Paradine, Roger, and Muleh, seated on rocks, were in earnest conversation, Suleiman interpreting. Near by were the silent, squatting forms of the little army. Around them rose the black, rugged outlines of the hills of Kush.

"Where is Achmet?" asked Roger.

"His camp is safely hidden, O friend, from these vile jackals from Nubia," replied the hunter.

"And what is your mission in Kush?" Mr. Paradine inquired.

Muleh held his peace.

"Why did you visit the temple in the Sacred Lake?" said Roger.

He noticed the man's start of surprise. In his eyes there was a look of worry, almost of fear.

"You know your life is forfeit if you are found within the borders of Kush?" Roger went on.

"I know it well," replied Muleh curtly.

"And yet you risk your life. You have risked it many times. Why?"

Muleh still maintained an obstinate silence. Whatever his surprise may have been in finding the Englishmen in Kush, and one of them in native dress, he had, on his side, asked no questions. His manner suggested a desire to get away, but he was between Mr. Paradine and Roger, and each had a rifle.

"Come, my friend of the leopard heart, let us be frank with each other," said Mr. Paradine. "Listen to a story that I will tell you. If I make a mistake, correct me.

"Years ago a usurper deposed and killed the Sanka-ra whom you faithfully served. His infant son was rescued from his father's fate, and carried away by loyal servants into a far land.

Muleh listened mutely, his wondering eyes fixed on Mr. Paradine's face.

"You do not correct me. Have I told the truth?"

"Even so."

"That child was brought up in Cairo by his faithful guardian," Mr. Paradine continued. "When he should attain his eighteenth year, the age of kingship, his friends, of whom you are the chief, hoped to restore him to his kingdom. With that end in view, you kept up communications both with his guardian and with Hoteb the seer. Is it not so?"

"You speak in your wisdom."

"His name is Achmet."

"Verily there are wonders in the world!" cried the hunter. "How know you this?"

"Wait. You do not know the strange things that have happened of late in Kush. My nephew came unawares into this land. Well grown for his years, he was deemed older than he is. You had led Hoteb to expect his rightful king. The seer, misled by my nephew's possession of Sanka-ra's golden bead, supposed that he was the expected prince. He crowned him king."

Muleh sprang up with a fierce exclamation, and was about to throw himself upon Roger when Mr. Paradine caught his arm.

"Gently, my friend! My nephew is no usurper. He has no desire to reign in Kush. He is ready to yield the throne at any time to the rightful heir, his friend Achmet. It is by the mercy of Allah that he is here, and we with him, at a moment when the land of Kush is threatened by pestilent raiders. He, and we with him, will help

the people of Kush to defend their liberties, and when the danger is past he will cheerfully give way to Achmet, the true Sanka-ra."

Muleh flung himself down and clasped Mr. Paradine's knees.

"Has not the noble effendi spoken?" he said. "Is he not of a race whose word is faithful? Let my lords command me. I will do their bidding."

CHAPTER 59

Mr. Paradine's Plan

ALONG consultation ensued. Muleh confirmed all the information that scouts and fugitives had brought. The raiders had established a firm footing in the country, and their possession of firearms gave them an immense advantage.

"My job is irrigation," said Mr. Paradine, "and it's a pity I can't turn on a tap or open a sluice and flood them out. The question is, what can we do? We can't meet them in the open; they'd overwhelm us."

"It's a case for generalship against superior force," said Roger.

"Ah! You remember Cunctator Fabius, my boy?"

"I can't say I do, Uncle."

"Shocking! Well, we have to delay them. I suggest that we fall back to that gorge a mile or so in our rear, and entrench there. Perhaps we can hold up the raiders while Muleh attacks them in the rear."

Through Suleiman he asked the hunter whether he knew the route by which the raiders had got in.

"I know it," Muleh replied.

"It is by the Sacred Lake?"

"In truth it is there."

"And could you attack them from the same direction?"

"Without doubt I could do so, after I had first passed through them. That is in my power to do. Then I could hurl myself upon them, and kill some before they killed me."

"The man thinks I meant him to attack single-handed!" said Mr. Paradine, in English. "He is brave enough even for that useless self-sacrifice. Tell him, Suleiman, that I suggest he should lead two hundred men of his own choice through the passes on the south, sweep round behind the raiders, and attack them in the rear while we hold them in front. If he could bring Achmet along with him, and our plan has any success, Achmet's restoration would be an easy matter."

"Verily the noble effendi has true wisdom and foresight," said Muleh. "His servant shall do these things; the foe shall be utterly discomfited, and Kush shall have peace again."

It was arranged that he should set off in the early morning. Meanwhile, the army was ordered to fall back to the gorge, and to build up a breastwork of rocks and earth across its narrowest part.

As soon as it was light Roger stepped to the head of the army, with Muleh at his side, and bade Suleiman tell them that El Nimmur had come to help in the work of deliverance. Their brightening eyes assured him that Muleh would be a power among them.

The hunter passed down the ranks, selecting his men here and there. They accepted his leadership with enthusiasm, and within an hour he led his chosen band up into the hills.

Just before they disappeared from view they turned, waved their weapons, and saluted their brethren who remained with the shrill, sharp cry that served in Kush for a cheer. It was responded to with shouts of "Sanka-ra!" and the little force vanished over the ridge.

Only a few minutes after their

departure scouts came rushing in with the news that the slave-raiders were on the march.

CHAPTER 60

At Grips with the Slavers

ABOUT a quarter of a mile in the rear of the gorge a copse of young trees extended up the hillside.

"They'll make a fine chevaux-de-frise," said Mr. Paradine. "As the raiders are still some miles away we ought to have time to fell a good many trees. Set all your axemen at the job, Roger."

All the men who bore axes were soon hard at work in the copse. The trees, as they were felled, were hauled to the gorge and laid in front of the breastwork, facing the enemy, their tops outward. From the opposite direction it must have appeared that the gorge was blocked by an impenetrable mass of foliage.

While this was being done, other men rolled rocks from the bed of the gorge, through which a river had once poured, and dropped them into the interstices between the tree trunks, so that these were held firmly in position.

Mr. Paradine, stripped to his shirt, superintended the work, to the admiration of the Doctor.

"This will daunt them, James," he cried. "They will recognise the operation of a master-mind, and—"

"They will recognise only what is in front of their noses, Ben," Mr. Paradine interrupted. "If they have any sense at all they will fire over the obstruction, so we shall have to beware. The safest place is close up against the breastwork; remember that."

Mr. Paradine had thought it well, for the sake of the dignity of Sanka-ra, that Roger should take no active part in the measures of defence. But Roger, unwilling to be wholly idle, had made for himself a loophole in the breastwork, through which he kept a look-out in the direction of the expected attack.

It was about nine o'clock when he cried that he saw a horde of dark men, some horsed, some on foot, approaching the farther end of the gorge. When they came within some two hundred yards of the obstacle they halted, and their leaders appeared to confer.

"A surprise for them," said Mr. Paradine. "They see now that they are not to have a complete walk-over. I wonder whether they will venture a frontal attack, or retire and work round us another way. We'll prepare for the first."

Keeping about 150 men close to the breastwork, he sent the rest some distance back to be out of range of the enemy's rifles. Those he retained were for the most part bowmen. He arranged them in ranks, placing a spearman between every two bowmen. All were

ordered to squat on the ground until he gave the word to rise.

"I say, Uncle," cried Roger suddenly, looking through his loophole, "half a dozen of the beggars have come ahead of the rest, and one of them is Keb, the one-eyed wretch; I know him by his clothes."

Mr. Paradine went to his side and looked through the hole.

"He's the begetter of all this trouble," he said, raising his rifle. In a moment he lowered it. "We must save our ammunition," he remarked briefly.

Uncle and nephew kept a keen watch on the enemy's leaders. For a while they continued to talk excitedly among themselves. It seemed that there was some difference of opinion among them, and more than once Keb waved his arm vigorously toward the barricade.

At last he appeared to have carried his point. The leaders withdrew to their men. Rifles were unslung.

"He has persuaded them that their firearms will terrify the men of Kush," said Mr. Paradine. "Look out! Here they come."

There was a shout from the raiders. The horsemen sprang from their saddles; they formed up in line three deep, and rushed forward with loud cries, firing as they ran. The bullets pattered harmlessly against the rocky rampart.

Absolute silence prevailed among the men of Kush, though Roger noticed that many of them winced at the crack of the rifles. The raiders came on, reached the chevaux-de-frise. Some tugged at the branches, others tried to force a way through.

"Now!" said Mr. Paradine quietly to Suleiman.

The man shouted an order. The front rank of bowmen sprang to their feet and, shooting over the breastwork, sent a shower of arrows through the leafy screen. Instantly they dropped down, and while each was fitting a second arrow to his bow the second rank rose and discharged their flight.

At so close a range the bow was as effective a weapon as the rifle. The raiders hesitated in confusion. Some at once turned and ran; the bolder held on.

A third flight of arrows completed their discomfiture. Those who had entangled themselves in the foliage broke away and dashed among their fellows pressing on behind.

For a few moments the scene reminded Roger of a football scrum. Two sets of men were shoving at each other with forceful energy. But whereas in a scrum the actors are almost silent, and only the spectators shout, here it was the reverse. The slavers were making horrible noises; the men of Kush looked on over the breastwork with mute curiosity, wondering, no doubt, why the imperious stranger who commanded them did not order them to shoot into the struggling mass.

At last the scrum broke. The whole body of attackers was in full flight down the gorge. A shout of triumph burst from the elated Kushites, and the spearmen, who had had no part in the victory, sprang up and were about to leap the breastwork.

"Call them back, Suleiman," cried Mr. Paradine.

The men returned somewhat crestfallen, wondering why they were not permitted to take their toll of the baffled foe. Still more surprised were they when they were ordered to bring across the breastwork the few wounded raiders who had been left by their comrades.

"We don't want prisoners," remarked Mr. Paradine, "but a hostage or two may be useful. And we must look after the wounded; I don't think anyone is very seriously hurt. What has become of Keb, by the way?"

"Oh, he kept carefully in the background," said Roger. "He'd rather stab you in the back than stand up to you face to face. There he is, look, shouting angrily at the raiders. What's his next move, I wonder?"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Navigator

A SOMERSET boy, born at Yeovil in the year that the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp won his victory over Admiral Blake, was being educated for a position in commerce when his parents died. The boy had never been keen on business, but longed to go to sea, and at last his friends placed him with a shipmaster.

After a journey to France he went to Newfoundland, but suffered so much from the climate that he determined never to go there again.

The youth, however, loved the sea and its romance, and he soon joined another ship as a private sailor, and went to Java, gaining great experience on the voyage. Then he took part in the Dutch wars, but fell ill and had to leave his vessel for treatment in Harwich Hospital. It seemed very unpromising for a would-be seaman, but as health returned so did the longing for the sea, and we next find him crossing the Atlantic to take up a post as overseer on a plantation in Jamaica. But as a planter he was out of his element, and he soon took to the sea once more, voyaging round Jamaica and gaining a thorough knowledge of West Indian waters.

He was of a very roving disposition, and his next move was to join the logwood cutters of Yucatan, whose free-and-easy life appealed to him, and for several years he stayed with them.

On one occasion he had a narrow escape from an alligator. Passing with some of his comrades through a swamp where the water was two or three feet deep, he suddenly stumbled over the alligator and was thrown down. He shouted for help, but his scared companions fled for safety. He managed to regain his feet, but in the excitement fell again, and then even a third time. For some unknown reason the alligator did not seize him, but, as he tells us, "I was so frightened that I never cared to go through the water again as long as I was in the bay."

He next joined the buccaneers, those rough seamen whose acts were often nothing less than piracy; but in the day in which he lived a Spanish ship was always looked upon as legitimate plunder by an English sea-rover.

The mariner now made a voyage round the world, in the course of which he was marooned on some islands, but escaped in a native canoe and made his way back to England, where he published an account of his voyage that has become a classic.

He made several other long voyages, and was the pilot of the privateer that went to Juan Fernandez and rescued Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe. We know little of his latest voyages. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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Life is a Garden Forever in Flower



D! MERRYMAN

A COUNTRY squire was walking through the village one day, wearing a very shabby coat, when he met a friend.

"Surely you are ashamed to be seen in such a dreadful coat?" said the friend.

"Certainly not," answered the squire. "Everybody knows me here."

A week later the squire was in Birmingham, still wearing the old coat, when he chanced to meet his friend, who again commented on the squire's untidy appearance.

"What does it matter?" was the reply. "Nobody knows me here."

□ □ □

What Are We?

NEVER wearied, see us stand,
A glittering and a stately band
Of sturdy stuff, but graceful form,
In summer cold, in winter warm;
From hottest duty never swerving,
Night and day our place preserving;
Each serving to a different use,
Not to be changed without abuse.
And, pray, mark well another fact:
In unison we never act,
Except as on occasion dread
We watch the ashes of the dead;
When we are ranged, as you may see,
As awful sentries, one, two, three.

Answer next week

WHAT is the difference between a lady and a postage stamp?
One is a female and the other is a mail fee.

□ □ □

School Howlers

THE following humorous mistakes are said to have been made in examination papers by school children.

Horse-power is the distance one horse can carry one pound of water in one hour.

An angle is a triangle with two sides.

A ruminating animal is one that chews its cubs.

Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum."

A vacuum is a large, empty space where the Pope lives.

Algebraical symbols are used when we don't know what we are talking about.

Jerusalem was surrounded by walls so as to keep in the milk and honey.

□ □ □

The Sun and the Starfish



THE Sun on the seashore was blazing away,
And it was, people said, quite a tropical day.

But Krimpo, sharp fellow, kept cool in the shade
Of the beautiful starfish umbrella he'd made!

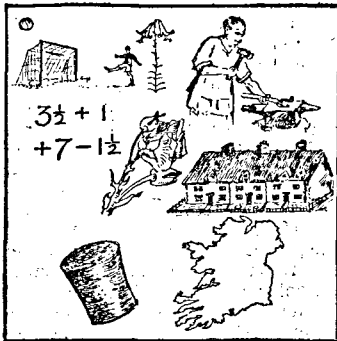
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WHAT word is that which, although it has eight letters, will have ten left after we have taken five away? Tendency.

Do You Live at Seven Kings?

THIS name, like Sevenoaks and various other names with seven, is probably a reference to a group of seven trees that were either famous as a landmark or were used in ancient times as a sacred grove.

□ □ □
Name and Address



These pictures represent a name and address. Can you find out what they are? Solution next week

□ □ □

WHAT is that which, when it loses an eye, has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

□ □ □

Sheep and Arithmetic

SEVEN sheep were standing
By the pasture wall.
"Tell me," said the teacher,
To her scholars small,
"One poor sheep was frightened,
Jumped, and ran away.
One from seven—how many
Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers—
A farmer's daughter she,
Not so bright at figures
As she ought to be.
"Please, ma'am!" "Well, then,
Kitty,
Tell us, if you know."
"Please, if one jumped over,
All the rest would go."

□ □ □

Knowledge

THE principal of a college was interviewing a young man who wished to become a student.

"Well, what do you know?" asked the principal.

"Nothing," replied the youth frankly.

"Then your prospects are splendid, my friend, for you are three years in advance of the other students here. It takes them three years to learn what you know to begin with."

□ □ □

Built-up Names

A WEAPON and part of the face give a place where there is a famous college.

A sweet flower and four-fifths of a precious stone give an English prime minister.

Part of a candle and to make a noise like a cow give an Irish county.

A place of worship and being in bad health give a famous English general.

A month and an exclamation give an Irish county.

An animal and three-fifths of a fish give a poet.

What are they? Answers next week

□ □ □

WHY can an omnibus or tramcar never be damaged by lightning? Because it has a conductor.

□ □ □

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Alphabet and Arithmetic

BOAT + STAR + ARROW = RAT + BRUSH

—OATS—SHRUB—BARROW

A Riddle in Rhyme Dardanelles

John Smith's Holiday

Ten days at 10s. a day and 10s. besides = £5 10s.

Jacko Cleans the Boots

IT was Jacko's first job when he came down in the morning to clean the family's boots.

It was a job he rather liked, and he put a wonderful lot of energy into it. Mother Jacko said she didn't mind how hard he brushed if only he would be a little more sparing with the blacking pot.

"Can't make 'em shine without blacking, Mater," he used to say. And Mrs. Jacko would reply: "I don't suppose you can, but you needn't use a tin a day."

"He plasters it on like cement," said Big Brother Adolphus. "The boots are too disgusting to touch when he's finished with them!"

"I don't see why he can't clean his own boots," grumbled Jacko. "Stop grousing," ordered his father, "and get on with the job."

Adolphus made so many complaints over the way his boots were cleaned that Jacko got wild about it. Instead of using too much blacking, he began to use too little, till Adolphus declared he might as well let them alone.

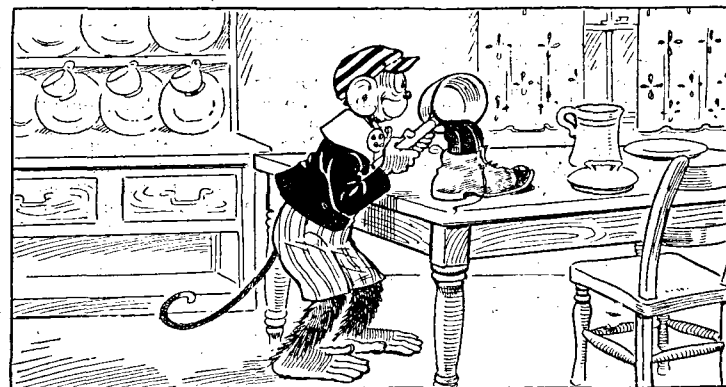
Jacko had a fit of the blues that day, and to cheer him up his mother gave him permission to make toffee.

Accordingly, when the dinner-things were cleared away and Mrs. Jacko went upstairs to change her dress, she left Jacko blissfully happy over the kitchen fire, with a jar of treacle and an old saucepan.

Jacko loved making toffee. He cheered up in no time.

"Must have a knife," he muttered to himself, and he shot out into the scullery, whistling, to find one.

But on the shelf beside the knife-box stood the blacking tin,



"That will make him sit up," said Jacko

and the sight of it brought the troubles of the morning back again in a rush.

He was thinking deeply while he stirred the toffee round and round, round and round. All at once he gave a chuckle, pushed the saucepan off the fire, and rushed out of the room.

He darted upstairs to Adolphus's bedroom, put his hand under the dressing-table, pulled out a boot, and ran downstairs.

He went to the fire, picked up the saucepan, stood the boot on the table, and poured the contents carefully into it.

"Cool!" he said, "that'll make him sit up!" He peered inside. "It's getting hard already!" he added, with glee.

"I hope I'll be there when he tries to get it out!"

"Well, Jacko," said his mother, suddenly appearing in the doorway, "have you made your toffee?"

"Yes, Mater," replied Jacko, grinning.

"What is your boot doing on the table?" she asked, severely.

"My boot!" echoed Jacko, faintly. "It's—Adolphus's."

But it wasn't, as a second glance quickly convinced him.

Five minutes later he sneaked off into the wood, carrying a boot, a chisel, and the biggest hammer that he could find.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

How Wireless Helps

Mr. Appleby Matthews, director of the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, has been saying some fine things about the future of music by wireless.

He believes that the new medium will convey to the people what is greatest and best in music in a more comprehensive way than any yet known.

In the days of William Byrd no festival of the people was complete without its mass music. England then stood in the forefront of the art, for it was in that period that our greatest composers were produced. Mr. Matthews expects broadcasting to take music to the hearts of the people again.

Comment la T.S.F. Aide

M. Appleby Matthews, chef de l'Orchestre Symphonique de Birmingham, vient de dire de belles choses au sujet de l'avenir de la musique par la T.S.F.

Il est d'avis que le nouvel organe transmettra au peuple, d'une manière plus compréhensive qu'aucune autre connue de nous, ce que la musique a de plus grand et de meilleur.

A l'époque de William Byrd aucune fête populaire n'était complète sans sa musique en masse. L'Angleterre occupait alors le premier rang dans cet art, car c'est cette époque qui a fourni nos plus grands compositeurs. M. Matthews s'attend à ce que l'émission de la musique par T.S.F. touche de nouveau le coeur du peuple.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Sand Seats

IT was the day before they were going home after the holidays. They had been staying at the sea, and a splendid time they had had.

"How can we earn some money?" Phil asked.

"Do you mean to give to old Mrs. Wragg?" said Doreen.

Phil nodded. "I mean to buy her something nice—something really pretty."

"Well, let's think of a way," Doreen said. But in a few minutes it was Phil, and not Doreen, who had thought of something.

"Let's make a lot of sand armchairs," he said, "and charge a penny for people to sit in them."

It was a splendid idea, and they began at once. They made the seats very nicely—so nicely, indeed, that the first person who took one—it was a lady who was staying in their boarding house—paid them threepence for it.

After that there was no difficulty. The first lady called to her friend, and the friend called to someone else, and soon Phil and Doreen had to begin to make more seats.

When it was time for them to go in they had earned two shillings and fourpence.

"With our own Saturday pennies from Mother," Doreen said, "we can make it two and sixpence."

Mother gave them the pennies gladly, and they ran straight off to the shops to spend their money. And it was with something of which they were very proud that they came back—a beautiful little workbox, covered with shells!

Mother filled it with cottons, buttons, tapes, needles, and other useful things, and the next day they set off for the old lady's cottage.

They hopped about while Mrs. Wragg undid the parcel; and when she saw what it



They began at once

was, and when she heard how they had earned the money, and when she held up her hands in amazement and wiped a happy tear from her old eyes, and thanked them over and over again, then Phil and Doreen were happier than they had been for a long time—happier even than when they had first run down to the sands and seen the big, blue, rolling waves!

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 8, 1923

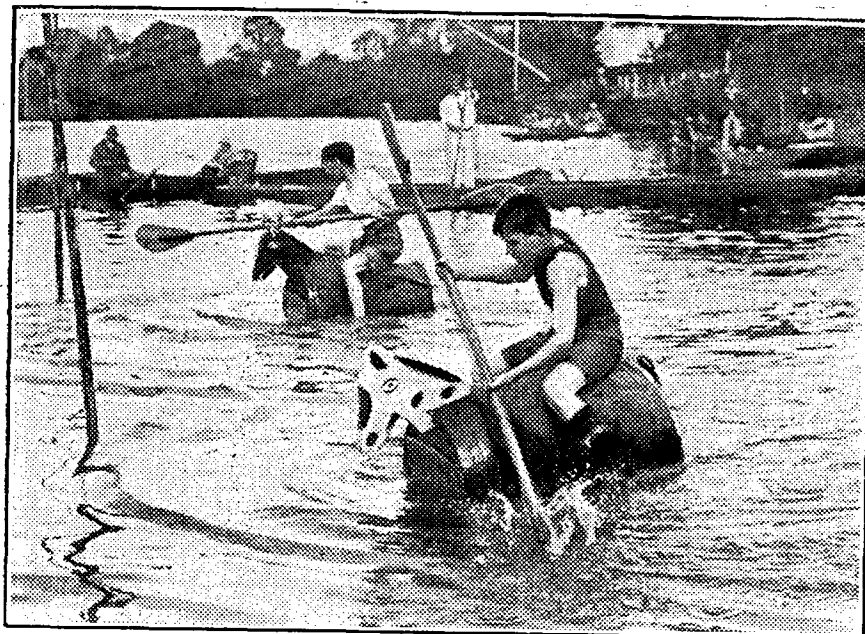
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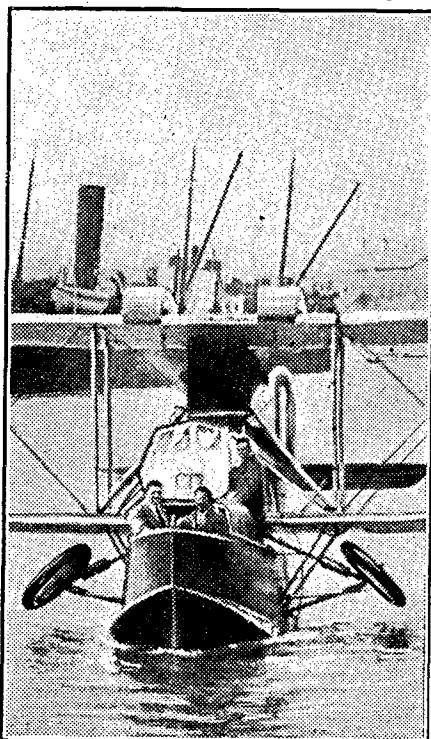
GOLF IN LONDON • A SAND TENNIS-COURT • CUTTING AN ELEPHANT'S NAILS



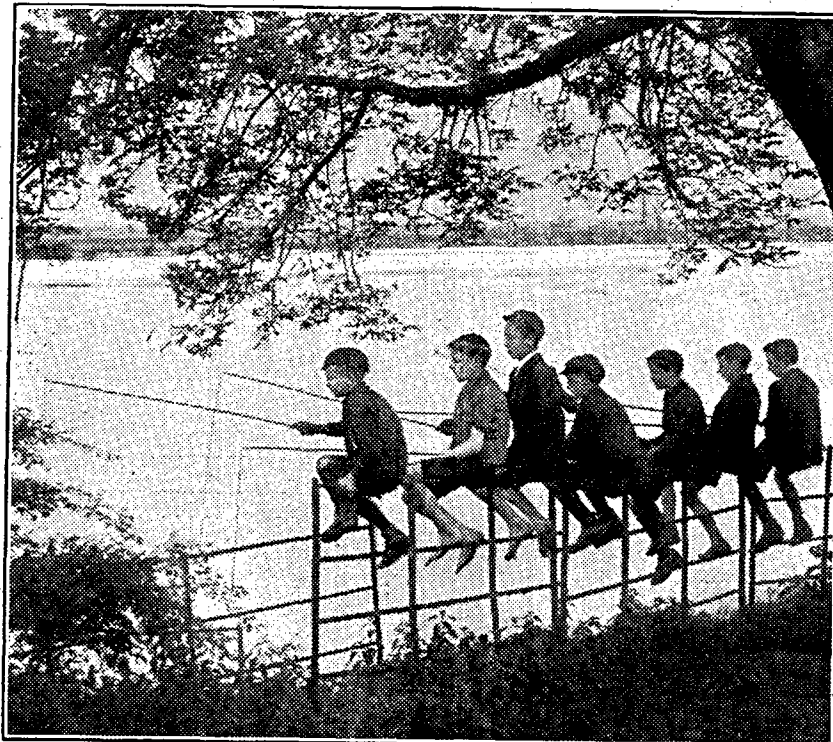
Golf in a London Park—A miniature golf course was opened recently in Central Park, East Ham, where children can hire clubs and play a round for twopence. Golf is so rapidly becoming a game for all that not long ago a fine public course was made in Richmond Park



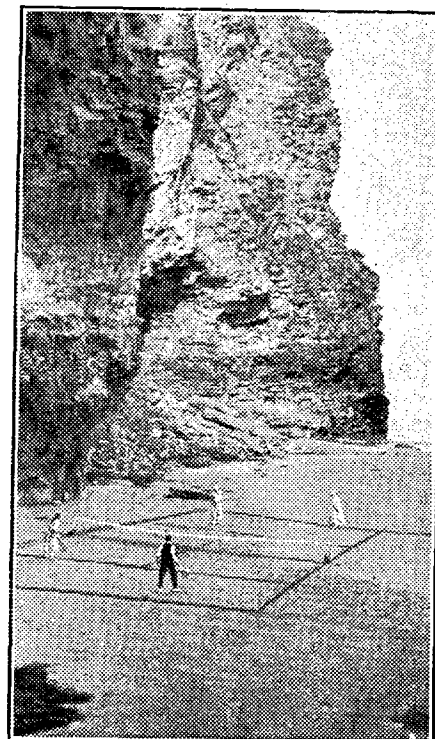
Hobby-horses in the River—Many successful regattas have been held on the Thames this year, and during the intervals between the races much fun is caused by such incidents as that seen in this picture, in which two boys are paddling hobby-horses made from barrels



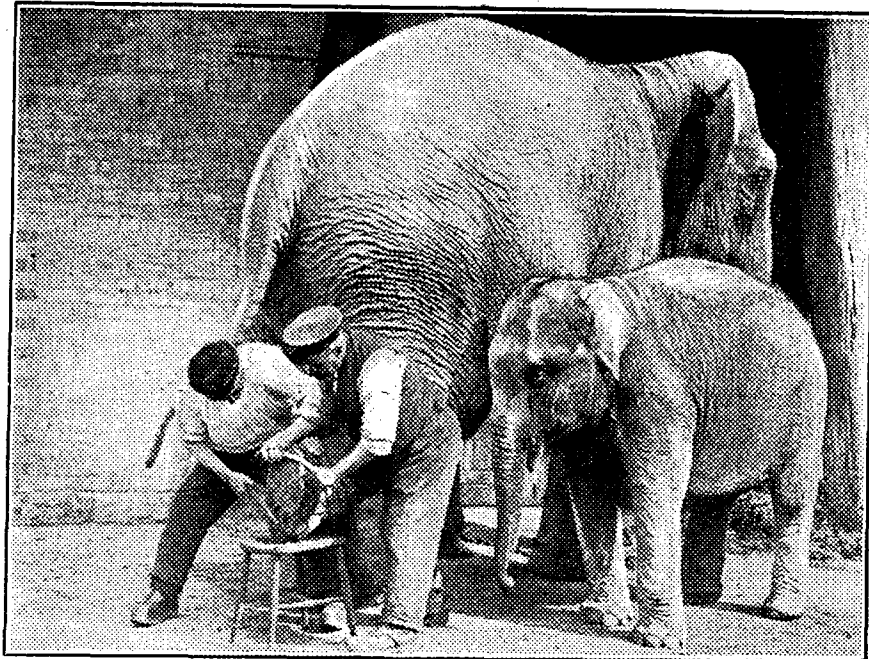
Cross-Channel Air Boats—Amphibian flying-boats are to fly to the Channel Islands and Cherbourg for the benefit of holiday-makers and transatlantic passengers. See World Map



Patience on a Railing—This row of boys, now school is over for the day, are spending a quiet evening fishing on the bank of a lake, and reflecting on the splendid times they had during their holidays. Angling is a pastime for patient people, and these young optimists do not seem to worry whether there are enough fishes for all of them



Tennis on the Sands—After a bathe this party of holiday-makers are playing tennis on a court marked out on the hard sand under the towering cliffs at Trebarwith, in Cornwall



Cutting the Elephant's Nails—Luckie no longer carries children at the London Zoo, and her nails grow so long that they must be cut. Here we see a baby elephant interested in the operation



The Lion's Toilet—Abdulla, the magnificent Somali lion at the London Zoo, likes to look his best before visitors, so he allows a keeper to enter his cage and vigorously brush his mane

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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